

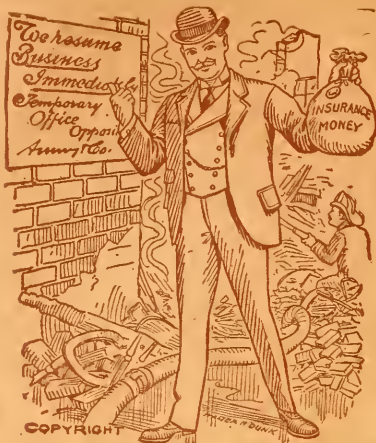
IMPROVEMENT ERA

ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS AND THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS OF THE CHURCH
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Vol XIII OCTOBER, 1910 No. 12

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Organ of the Priesthood Quorums and the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

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Volume 14 begins with the November, 1910, number.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA, VOLUME XIV, 1910.

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1. Springtime of Married Life.
2. Respect for Each Other's Individuality.
3. More Courtship After Marriage.
4. Living in Boarding Houses.
5. The Wife's Settled Income.
6. When Pride Comes Between.

V.

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VI.

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XII.

Editorials by President Joseph F. Smith, and doctrinal subjects by leading writers, speakers and educators of the Church, including Charles W. Penrose, B. H. Roberts, Orson F. Whitney, George F. Richards, Anthony W. Ivins, Dr. George H. Brimhall, David O. McKay, Joseph F. Smith, Jr., and others.

XIII.

Instructions to the Priesthood from the General Priesthood Committee, and articles specially helpful in Priesthood Quorum work. Helps also and suggestions for teachers and members.

XIV.

The volume will be generously illustrated. The new painting of the Prophet Joseph Smith, by L. A. Ramsey, the artist, in beautiful steel engraving, will form the frontispiece of one of the numbers. This engraving alone is worth the price of the number. The ERA has gone to a heavy expense to obtain it from the publishers of "Americana," which magazine is printing B. H. Roberts' "History of the Mormon Church." We present it to our subscribers without additional cost. It is considered by competent judges to be the best portrait of the prophet in existence.

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The primary aim of the ERA is to create in the hearts of the young people a personal testimony of the truth and magnitude of the Gospel and of the work of the Lord. It is "to aid them in developing the gifts within them and in cultivating a knowledge and an application of the eternal principles of the great science of life." Like the quorums and the associations which it represents, it seeks to help them in obtaining a testimony of the truth and in learning to love and express that testimony as well as to develop all noble gifts within them.

TO THE PRESIDENTS OF STAKES AND BISHOPS AND THE OFFICERS OF THE MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS.

We ask you to continue loyal to our magazine by subscribing for it yourselves, and by each one of you securing other subscribers. We request that the M. I. A. ward officers promptly arrange by consultation with the bishopric for the canvass of the membership of their wards and see to it that no family in the ward is left without solicitation. A stake aid to the superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. should be appointed to supervise the canvass for the ERA in the stake and otherwise to look after its business welfare under their jurisdiction. Subscribers are best obtained if the work is handled promptly and in season.

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The associations have decided in conference that all subscriptions shall be paid in advance. The ERA will be issued promptly on the 1st of each month; price \$2.00, including either Manual. Upon application from subscribers who have been with us for years the magazine will be sent to them without interruption upon receipt of a request from them on the blanks printed next to the title page in the October number of the ERA, to continue the magazine upon their promise to pay within the month. Behind the ERA are thirteen years of fulfilled promises, and the subscribers may be certain that all that is promised, and more, will be given. The magazine is issued promptly and regularly, and, as in the past, all its pledges will be faithfully kept.

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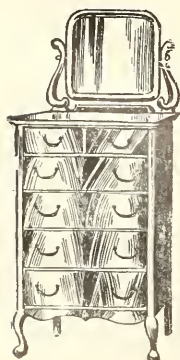
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IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. XIII.

OCTOBER, 1910.

No. 12.

Character, Mettle and Mission of the Latter-day Saints.*

BY PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH.

I consider it a great honor to have the privilege of being associated, in the work of mutual improvement, with such a body of intelligent people as are assembled here this afternoon. I desire to express to you, my brethren and sisters engaged in this glorious cause, my heartfelt gratitude and feeling of thankfulness for the interest that you manifest in your attendance at this conference, and otherwise in the cause of human redemption. You cannot be engaged, it seems to me, in a better work than this in which you are engaged as teachers, instructors and leaders among the youth of Zion, and the children of the people among whom we dwell. I feel impelled to say, that notwithstanding the references that we have heard to the misdeeds of some, to the falling of individuals into error, sin and transgression against the laws of life, health and morality, and against all the laws of God and of human propriety, I believe—and I think my ground is good for such belief—that there is not another people of the same magnitude, surrounded by the same environments, circumstances and

* An address before the M. I. A. Annual Conference, in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, June 5, 1910.

temptations, that can produce as large a percentage of uprightness, of purity, honesty, virtue and honor as this people can do. I would like to proclaim that thought and truth to the world, that they may know the truth, for it is the truth.

Duty of the Saints and their Leaders as Persistent Teachers.

We do not look for absolute perfection in man. Mortal man is not capable of being absolutely perfect. Nevertheless, it is given to us to be as perfect, in the sphere in which we are called to be and to act, as it is for the Father in heaven to be pure and righteous in the more exalted sphere in which he acts. We will find in the scriptures the words of the Savior himself to his disciples, in which he required that they should be perfect, even as their Father in heaven is perfect; that they should be righteous, even as he is righteous. I do not expect that we can be as perfect as Christ, that we can be as righteous as God. But I believe that we can strive for that perfection with the intelligence that we possess, and the knowledge that we have of the principles of life and salvation. The duty of the Latter-day Saints, and the paramount duty of those who are leaders in this work of mutual improvement in the Church, is to inculcate in the hearts of the young people these principles of righteousness, of purity of life, of honor, of uprightness and of humility withal, that we may be humble before God and acknowledge his hand in all things. According to his revelations, he is displeased with those who will not acknowledge his hand in all things. When we look at the imperfections of our fellow-beings, some of the inclinations of those with whom we are intimately associated in the various organizations of the Church, and discern in them their natural proneness to evil, to sinfulness, to a disregard of sacred things, and sometimes their inclination to disregard and treat lightly, if not with contempt, those things which should be more sacred than life itself, it makes the task seem almost discouraging, and it seems impossible for us to accomplish that which we have in view, and to perform the mission that we have undertaken to our own satisfaction and the acceptance of the Lord.

But what shall we do? Shall we quit because there are those with whom we come in contact who are not willing to rise to the standard to which we seek to exalt them? No! Someone has said that the Lord hates a quitter, and there should be no such thing as quitting when we put our hands to the plow to save men, to save souls, to exalt mankind, to inculcate principles of righteousness and establish them in the hearts of those with whom we are associated, both by precept and by example. There must be no such thing as being discouraged. We may fail, over and over again, but if we do, it is in individual cases. Under certain conditions and circumstances, we may fail to accomplish the object we have in view with reference to this individual or the other individual, or a number of individuals that we are seeking to benefit, to uplift, to purify, to get into their hearts the principles of justice, of righteousness, of virtue and of honor, that would fit them to inherit the kingdom of God; to associate with angels, should they come to visit the earth. If you fail, never mind. Go right on; try it again; try it somewhere else. Never say quit. Do not say it cannot be done. Failure is a word that should be unknown to all the workers in the Sunday schools, in the Mutual Improvement Associations, in our Primary Associations, in the Quorums of Priesthood, as well as in all the organizations of the Church everywhere. The word fail ought to be expunged from our language and from our thoughts. We do not fail when we seek to benefit the erring, and they will not listen to us. We will get the reward for all the good we do. We will get the reward for all the good we desire to do, and labor to do, though we fail to accomplish it, for we will be judged according to our works and our intent and purposes. The victim of evil, or sin, the one whom we seek to benefit, but who will not yield to our endeavors to benefit him, may fail, but we who try to uplift him will not fail, if we do not quit.

The Purpose We Have in View.

If we continue trying, failing, as it were, or missing one mark, should not discourage us; but we should fly to another, keep on in the work, keep on doing, patiently, determinedly doing our duty, seeking to accomplish the purpose we have in view. What

is it? What do I have in my mind to accomplish? This may be considered selfish, but, first of all, the paramount desire of my heart is that I may, by the help of my God, save myself; that I, by the help of God, may be worthy, eventually, to be exalted in the kingdom of God. Next to it, and equal to it—for that also is as necessary to my salvation and happiness as is my own salvation—is that those whom God has given to me, whom he has placed in my care, over whom he has made me guardian and responsible, that these may be worthy to be saved and exalted in the kingdom of God. Then, reaching out to my neighbor and to my associates, and to all my fellow-members in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, for they come next. We are bound together in the bond of the new and everlasting covenant. We are children of the same covenant. We are born of the same mother—the water of baptism. We have come out from that watery grave unto a newness of life and unto a forgiveness of sins. Thus you and I, who have been born again, are born of the same mother, and are endowed with the same spirit from on high. Then my sympathy goes out to you next. My earnest desire is that you shall do your duty. Next to myself, and those immediately connected or united with me by the bonds of the new and everlasting covenant, come the people of God. Then what? Then the dead that have died without a knowledge of the truth. Their salvation is necessary. Our condition here is not perfect. Neither can we become perfect without them; neither can they be made perfect without us, according to the revelations of God to the world in the latter-days. And then who? Then to the strangers abroad in the world, and all the sons and daughters of God in every part of the earth, that the gospel may be sent to them, that they may be taught the words of life and salvation, the words of truth and righteousness, faith in God, love for God, faith in the divine mission of the Lord Jesus Christ, faith in his atonement for the sins of the world, faith in his resurrection from the dead, by which every son and daughter of Adam shall be brought forth from their sleeping dust, and shall live again, their identities being preserved, just as truly as the identity of the Son of God was preserved, who was not suffered to see corruption.

These are truths that I believe in; that we ought to teach;

that we ought to live and obey; and we, every man and woman of us, should be watchmen and watchwomen upon the towers of Zion, seeking to ameliorate the conditions of those who are under the bonds of sin and darkness. We should seek to bring them to the marvelous light of the gospel of Jesus Christ, that they with us, if we are faithful, may walk in the light of Christ, as he is in the light, that we may have fellowship with him, and his blood shall cleanse us from all sin.

The Mission of Jesus Christ and His Prophet Joseph Smith.

It is the duty of the Latter-day Saints, the duty of these auxiliary organizations of the Church, all and each of them, to teach to the children that are brought within our influence and care the divinity of the mission of Joseph Smith, the prophet. Do not forget it. Do not let him perish out of your thoughts and minds. Remember that the Lord God raised him to lay the foundations of this work, and the Lord did what has been done through him, and we see the results of it. Men may scoff at Joseph Smith and at his mission, just as they scoffed at the Savior and his mission. They may ridicule and condemn the works of the Prophet Joseph Smith, as they did ridicule and make light of and condemn the mission of the Christ, and yet with all their condemnation, their scoffing, their ridicule, their contempt and murderous persecution of the Saints of former days, God's name, the name of the lowly Nazarene—he that had not where to lay his head, he that was scoffed at, abused, insulted, persecuted and driven into concealment and into exile, time and again, because they sought his life; he that was charged with doing good by the power of Satan; he that was charged with violating the Sabbath day, because he permitted his disciples to gather ears of corn and eat them on the Sabbath; he that was called a friend of publicans and sinners; he that was called a friend of wine bibbers, and all this sort of thing; and at last was crucified, mocked, crowned with thorns, spat upon, smote and abused until he was lifted upon the cross, as they shouted, "Now, if thou be the Son of God, come down!"—even the thieves crucified with him mocked and ridiculed him, and asked him, if he were Christ to come down and also deliver them

—all this happened to Jesus, the Son of God. But what is the result? Look at the so-called Christian world today. Never has there been a name brought to the intelligence of the human race since the foundations of the world that has cost so much, that has accomplished so much, that has been revered and honored so much, as the name of Jesus Christ—once so hated and persecuted, and crucified. The day will come—and it is not far distant, either—when the name of the Prophet Joseph Smith will be coupled with the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, the Son of God, as his representative, as his agent whom he chose, ordained and set apart to lay anew the foundations of the Church of God in the world, which is indeed the Church of Jesus Christ, possessing all the powers of the gospel, all the rites and privileges, the authority of the holy priesthood, and every principle necessary to fit and qualify both the living and the dead to inherit eternal life, and to attain to exaltation in the kingdom of God. The day will come when you and I will not be the only ones who will believe this, by a great deal; but there will be millions of people, living and dead, who will proclaim this truth. This gospel revealed to the Prophet Joseph is already being preached to the spirits in prison, to those who have passed away from this stage of action into the spirit world without the knowledge of the gospel. Joseph Smith is preaching the gospel to them, so is Hyrum Smith, so is Brigham Young, and so are all the faithful apostles that lived in this dispensation under the administration of the Prophet Joseph. They are there, having carried with them from here the holy priesthood which they received under the hands and by the authority of the Prophet Joseph Smith. With that authority, conferred upon them in the flesh, they are preaching the gospel to the spirits in prison, as Christ did when his body lay in the tomb, and he went to proclaim liberty to the captives and to open the prison doors to them that were bound. Not only are these engaged in that work, but hundreds and thousands of others. The elders that have died in the mission field have not finished their missions, but they are continuing them in the spirit world. Possibly the Lord saw it necessary or proper to call them hence as he did. I am not going to question that thought, at least, not dispute it. I leave it in the hand of God, for I believe that all these things will be over-

ruled for good, for the Lord will suffer nothing to go to his people in the world that he will not over-rule eventually for their greater good.

The Sacredness of Home.

Now, I did not expect to speak so long to you, and I do not intend to speak much longer. I hope you will remember the suggestions that have been made. Sister Tingey has preached to us one of the purest of gospel sermons, and we have had a number of excellent gospel sermons during these meetings, this forenoon and this afternoon. Brethren and sisters, let us remember them. I trust, especially, that you will cherish in your souls the thought that there is no other place in the world that should be so attractive, so desirable, so peaceful and so lovely to us and to our children as our homes. God should be our partner there. The Spirit of the Lord should dwell with us in our homes; and by the aid of the good spirit that comes from the Lord we should be able to banish from our homes all jealousy, all anger, all disputation, all lack of confidence one in another. We should be united. It should be a place where love abounds—the love of God; the pure love of the husband to his wife; the pure and unselfish love of the wife to her husband; the pure and indestructible love of the parents for the children; and the filial love of the children to the parents. This love for each other should find lodgment, should find joy, existence or being forever, in the precincts of that sacred place we call home—where mother is, where the children are born, where the parents live, where the children nestle to their parents. O my soul! what is there that should be more sacred to us? What is there that should be kept more pure, holy, spotless, or sinless than that place we call home? Why should a man quarrel with his family at home? Why should a woman quarrel with her husband or the children in their home? Why should there be dissatisfaction, misunderstandings, lack of confidence or lack of love, one for another, in our homes? O I do not see how such things can be! And yet, sometimes they come. Sometimes they come because the husband is not altogether thoughtful of the rights of his wife. Sometimes they come because the wife is not altogether thoughtful of the circumstances and conditions under

which her husband is laboring. Misunderstandings arise, and these little difficulties come about in a moment of thoughtlessness or forgetfulness, perhaps, when we do not realize, or when we cease to realize, that this is my wife; this is the mother of my children; this is my home; here is the dwelling place of my children—my sons and my daughters. They forget that. They let that thought escape their minds. A word of anger is spoken, and, like a spark to the powder can, everything is exploded at once. We ought to know better than that. We ought to have lived longer than to submit to such things as that.

Save the Sinners Who Sit in Darkness.

And remember, too, that we are not to call the righteous to repentance, but to save men who are in darkness. We are to save the sinners, if we can—that is, we can't save them, but we can point out the way by which they can save themselves, with the help of the Lord. That is our duty. We must so live that our example, and precept as well, shall tend always to bring men to reflection, and eventually to conviction, that we are at least sincere in our religion and faith, and that it is good to imitate our example. Let our light so shine that others may see our good works and be inclined to come and glorify our Father who is in heaven.

Character of the Latter-day Saints.

A good deal could be said, but I realize that I am encroaching on the time. God bless the Mutual Improvement Associations. I feel in my soul—and I do not want to sit down till I say it again—that I am standing before as good a people, and, without boasting, I believe a better people than can be found anywhere else in the world. In saying this, however, I do not do it in the Pharisaical spirit that was illustrated by our Savior of old. I do not say it in the spirit of the one who said, "I thank thee, O Lord, that I am not as other men." I say, in the spirit of humility and gratitude and thankfulness to the Lord, that I am looking upon people who devote their time, who give their talents, their faith, their means and their efforts to the benefit of the youth of Zion, for the good of Israel. Therefore, I feel that I am justified in saying that

I am before a congregation of people who have not a superior, at least, anywhere in the world.

My brethren and sisters, let us maintain our integrity, our high standard, our faith, our religion, our devotion to the cause of Zion and the redemption of the misguided, the saving of the erring and those who have fallen in sin. As far as it is within our power, let us save our young people from falling into sin, keep them from going astray. The way to do that is to keep a kind but firm hand upon them all the time—know where they are at night, know whose company they are in, what kind of people they are associating with, and guard them carefully, that they may not become a prey to the destroyer.

Gospel Messengers.

(For the Improvement Era.)

Out of the blazing West they came,
All armed with Truth and Light:
Today a battle's lost or won,—
They speed on wings of Right!

Over the perilous plains they fly
To lands of far away,
To conquer there, or there to die,
In the cause of Dawning Day.

Full up the rugged steeps they climb,
All set with cunning snares,
To trip them in a hapless time,
To catch them unawares.

But on they press with dauntless hearts;
They strike down every foe.
In God alone they put their trust,
And conquer as they go!

Into the realm of reigning night,
With banners all unfurled,
They make their stand and fight their fight
For the Day Dawn in the world.

Then give them vict'ry, Lord of hosts,
And let thy Light prevail,
And when that Day dawns on the world,
May *all* its dawning hail!

LOUIS W. LARSEN.

The Pig and the Man.

BY H. R. MERRILL, AUTHOR OF "THE CALL OF AUTHORITY" AND
"MY HOME AMONG THE HILLS."

Sandy sat on the ditch bank holding his head in his hands. He was not feeling very well, for just the night before he had met some friends in town. Of course, all must treat, and as a result, Sandy was feeling queer. Occasionally he would take a drink from a flask that sat by his side, "just to sober up on," he said to himself.

As he sat there dozing, with his eyes half closed, a pig came slowly along the end of the lucerne patch, his wobbling walk reminding Sandy of his friend's gait as he wobbled off toward home. He took another deep swig from his flask. By now his headache was partly assuaged by his fresh intoxication, but he was very drowsy. The pig came ambling on, and Sandy seemed to find something very amusing in his face, for he laughed sleepily as the pig drew near. The new-comer stopped, surprised at the sudden noise, and looked into the man's red, swollen face. Sandy nodded good-humoredly, as he stretched out and allowed his head to rest upon the cool, soft grass that bordered the ditch. It seemed so comfortable, and the day was so warm, that Sandy closed his eyes contentedly. When he opened them again, he was surprised to see the pig standing upon his hind legs, dressed in man's attire.

Sandy rubbed his eyes, and stared at the visitor a moment.

"That's the funniest pig I ever saw," he muttered. "Looks something like a man, I swan if he doesn't!"

The hog regarded the man critically for a moment, and then said, "Well, I didn't expect to find another pig out here."

Sandy's eyes fairly popped with astonishment. He had never heard a pig talk before.

"Say——what are you?" he finally gasped.

"I'm a pig," the visitor replied, "and you're another."

"I ain't a pig!" Sandy cried indignantly. "Don't you dare call me a pig again!"

"On second thought, I don't believe I will. I'd hate to claim relationship to you." The pig smiled condescendingly.

"To me!" Sandy yelled. "You confounded old Baconsides! Do you know who you're talking to? A pig, indeed! I haven't a snout a foot long, with a ring in it, like yours."

"No, you havn't," the pig replied quietly. "But yours looks like a lump of beefsteak, and ought to have a ring in it."

Sandy looked cross-eyed at his nose, and felt of it to see really how big it was.

"I'm not a pig, anyhow," he replied, a little subdued, for the visitor had very nearly told the truth. "Say, Baconsides, won't you have a drink?" He handed the half empty flask out to the hog.

The hog smelled of it, and then shook his head.

"No, I wouldn't care for any."

"Why?" Sandy asked, surprised, for none of his friends of the day before had refused. "It isn't poison."

"Perhaps not," the pig replied, "but I think you have been drinking from that bottle."

"Well, what if I have? That wouldn't hurt you, would it?"

"I'm afraid it would. I can eat and drink almost anything, but that dirty tobacco is too much for me, and I'm sure you had your mouth full when you drank from that bottle."

"By grannie, you're very particular! Say, do you know, Baconsides, I've got a mighty sweet little wife, and she even kisses me? Come along and drink—you're no better than she is."

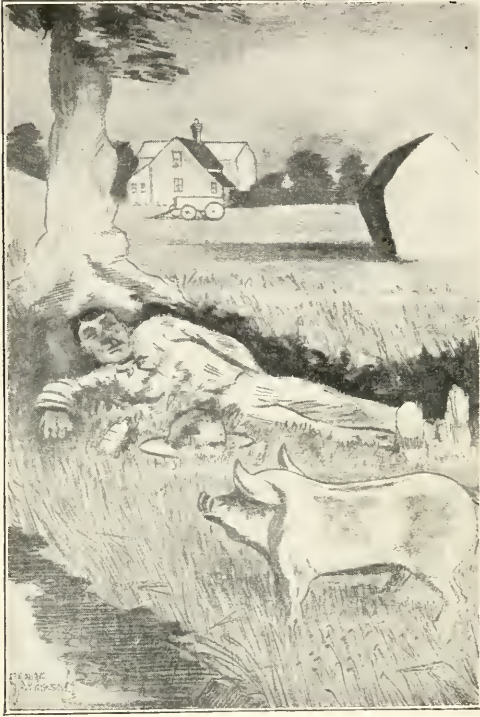
"I don't know how she ever does it. I'm sure I've been in nasty places, but nothing stinks worse than you do with that old pipe and plug, mingled with odors of whisky. Your wife is to be pitied if she has to kiss you."

Sandy restrained his wrath with difficulty.

"You old hypocrite! Don't you know my wife loves me, and

would do anything for me? If I asked her to kiss me, she'd do it."

"She's a fool, then. You couldn't kiss my wife smelling as you do, and in your drunken condition—she wouldn't stand for it.



From a sketch by George Atkinson

"THE PIG AND THE MAN."

You must not think much of your wife or you wouldn't ask her to do it."

"I love my wife. She's the finest little woman in this country," Sandy replied proudly. "I'd do anything for her."

"Does she like to see you coming home drunk and smelling like a stale old tobacco factory?"

Sandy scratched his head.

"Well — er — no, she doesn't. Last night, when I got home, she felt awful bad and cried a good deal, for, although I pretended not to, I could hear her sobbing softly to

herself. No, she doesn't like to see me drunk."

"Does she like to kiss you when your mouth is full of tobacco, and you smell like a whisky barrel besides?"

Sandy was beginning to think the conversation was becoming too personal. He sat and sifted a handful of dirt carefully through his fingers before he replied.

"No, I don't suppose she does," he finally said.

"Now, would you like to kiss old man Jones?"

Old man Jones was an inveterate tobacco-chewer, and stains

from the filthy weed were usually plainly visible on his gray beard.

"By crackey!" Sandy cried, relieved because the conversation had taken a turn. "I wouldn't kiss him if he'd give me his whole farm. Kiss old man Jones!" He lay back and laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks in streams. "My word, that would be a dose!"

"Are you any better?" the pig asked. "Wasn't your mouth full of tobacco when you tried to kiss your wife this morning, on the porch, when she pushed you away? No wonder she wouldn't kiss you! If you were a gentleman you would never have asked her, or even appeared before her in the condition you were in; but you're not a gentleman—you're a pig—a dirty pig!"

Sandy turned red in the face with shame and anger at this plain speech, for that was one reason why he had come out into the field,—he had attempted to kiss his wife, but she had pushed him away and called him a pig.

"Well, may be I am a pig," he said sullenly, for he realized that he had acted no gentlemanly part towards his wife. "But I haven't a snout like yours," he continued. "I'm a man, and a gentleman. I pay my way, and smoke cigars in town. It was the drink that made me act so beastly."

"No *man* would ever allow his appetite to rule him so far—only *pigs* do that. A man is not reckoned by his money, neither are all who smoke cigars gentlemen. In fact, no matter how polished a man may be, if he smokes even cigars he just lacks that one point of being a true gentleman. A true gentleman will not satisfy his own abnormal appetites at the expense of his friends and loved ones. While he is puffing at one cigar, he may be robbing a dozen people of clean, pure air; and every glass of wine he drinks, sometimes adds just that much to the cup of sorrow that is being drained by a loved one. No, a man who smokes lacks that much of being a gentleman. He is that one point worse than a pig. A pig will rob his friends of food to satisfy his own hunger, but he will not rob them of the free gifts of God by doing that which does not even benefit himself."

Sandy straightened up, and looked intently into the porker's sharp little eyes.

"Say, old man, you're a sage," he muttered, "I never looked at it just like that."

"That's why I say you're a pig. *Pigs* never consider the rights of others—*gentlemen* do. I saw a party pass in a coach, the other day—a company of ladies and gentlemen. A young man got in at the crossing. He was dressed like a gentleman, and thought he was one. As soon as he was seated, he drew a cigarette out of his pocket and began puffing away. He was robbing five persons to satisfy a craving of his own. He was selfish and ungentlemanly. Wasn't he a pig?"

"Yes, that was a pigish trick," Sandy agreed.

"Now, suppose your wife should commence chewing tobacco, and should come home drunk, would you love her and kiss her as you do?"

"No, sir! I'd leave her. I wouldn't have a dirty woman like that around me."

The pig looked quiscially at Sandy, and his little eyes seemed to convey a world of meaning, as he winked and pointed first one ear and then the other in Sandy's direction. Sandy began to feel uncomfortable, as the porker's meaning became clear to him.

"I know a man," the hog continued, "who got married. He married a very sweet little woman who loved him dearly. He loved his wife, also, and tried to please her in every way, for a time—he even quit using tobacco for her sake. One day he began to use it again. For a while he used it secretly, and thought he would keep it from his wife, but tobacco is about as bad to hide as a skunk, and she soon discovered that he had been smoking. She said nothing at first, for she thought he had just taken an occasional smoke with a friend. Finally, he began to use it openly. She remonstrated with him, but he could not see that it was any of her business what *he* did, so he kept on. They were married then, you know. In this way he robbed her of her peace of mind, and some of the respect she had for him. Besides, he robbed her of clean, fresh air, and forced her to live in a nasty, sickening atmosphere, when he was present with her. He had become a tyrant in this, instead of a loving husband. One day he met some friends in town, and when he came home he was intoxicated. Imagine her feelings when she saw the man she loved in such a

bestly condition. He tried to embrace her, drunkenly, but she pushed him away. Then he became angry, and said harsh words to her. He might have struck her, but she locked herself in her room. Was he a gentleman?"

"No," Sandy replied meekly.

"Now the young lady is almost broken-hearted. She has discovered that she married a pig—without the snout, it is true, but a pig, just the same. Her fine, gentlemanly husband has become a traitor, a drunkard and a pig, with a nose like a piece of raw beefsteak, and a breath that smells like a sewer pipe. Her idol is shattered, and the sunshine has been stolen from her life. She's crying up there in the house now, and you—are the pig."

The porker pointed an accusing forefoot at the humbled man, and then quietly reached out and took the whisky bottle between his teeth. Sandy made a grab for it, but before he reached it he heard the glass crash. He opened his eyes just in time to see the pig disappearing in the tall grass. His flask lay broken upon the ground, and the sun was beating down upon his bare head. He had been asleep.

He brushed the dirt from his trousers, as he arose from the ground, and tried to straighten his tangled hair. He recalled the conversation that he had with the pig in his dream, and glanced towards the house. He was almost sober now.

His pipe was lying upon the ground; he kicked it savagely into the ditch, as he removed the plug of tobacco from his pocket and dropped it into the water.

"I've been a pig," he said to himself, "but I'm going to be a man now, and a gentleman, too, please God!"

He washed his hands and face in the cold water, and then dried them upon his handkerchief. He picked up his hat, put it on his head, and started for the house.

Sandy was thoroughly ashamed of himself. His dream had deeply impressed itself upon his mind. He realized how unkind and ungently he had been in dealing with his wife. He really loved her, and when he was made to see how degraded he had appeared in her eyes, tears of sorrow and repentance rolled down his cheeks.

In the barnyard he could see the effects of his recent condition.

His buggy was not in the shed, and pieces of harness were lying about where he had dropped them in his drunken carelessness.

He gathered up the harness, ran the buggy into its place, and then went on up the path towards the house. There everything was different: flowers lined the walk and everything was beautiful and orderly, the porch was clean and the dooryard was in perfect order. Sandy knew whose faithful hands had been at work there, and he thought of the happy days when he and his wife lived as married sweethearts together. In the old days his wife would have been at the door to meet him with a kiss; now the door was open, but the loved form was not there. He thought of the condition he was in when he entered the house the night before, and was not surprised that she did not come to greet him.

He went into the kitchen. All was clean and quiet. The tinware shone like silver, from their pegs upon the wall, the range was polished until he could see his image in the nickel upon the doors. He glanced around the room. Not a spot of dirt was visible, excepting on the window sill, where one of his old, dirty pipes lay with the ashes strewn around it. He hastily took it up and, lifting a lid from the stove, dropped it into the fire.

"Marks of the pig," he muttered. "This is no place for pigs to live, and there will be no room for one here any more."

He went into the dining-room. His wife was busily engaged shelling peas, and only glanced up when he entered. Then she continued her work, without speaking a word.

Sandy glanced at her closely. He could feel a blush of shame creeping over his face and neck, for he noticed that she had been weeping. It was not the same pleasant face that used to greet him in the days when they were newly wed. A few wrinkles had crept around the eyes, and the mouth was sad. Sandy noticed these signs of sorrow, and his eyes became moist with tears of contrition, as he took a step towards her.

"Mary, may I come in?" he asked humbly.

She glanced up, surprised at the question.

"Why, certainly, you may do as you like."

"Mary, I've come to ask forgiveness for what I did last night."

She was about to make a cold reply, but glancing into his

working face, she saw the evidence of a broken heart and a contrite spirit stamped thereon. For a moment she hesitated. He kneeled beside her and reverently took her by the hand, while tears of repentance were rolling down his cheeks.

"My darling, forgive me, please!" he murmured brokenly.

All the love that had been pent up in her sore heart for many months shone in her face and hallowed it, as she placed her arms around the repentant sinner's neck and whispered, "Oh, my love, my husband!"

Leaning her head upon his shoulder she wept for joy. Her prayers had been answered. Their tears mingled, as they sobbed together over their new-found happiness and resurrected love.

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Around the farm now all is orderly. The harness is always in its place, and the buggy is always in the shed. There is no longer a contrast between the domains controlled by the husband and those over which the wife presides, and sweet, pure love reigns supreme in the home. The pig has been cast out—the drunkard and the tobacco fiend have gone with him—the gentleman has taken his place.

Now, when Sandy goes to town, he is always in a hurry to return home. He has no more time to waste carousing with his friends, and no money to spend upon filthy tobacco, for he knows that out in his own dear home a loved one is anxiously watching the road for the first signs of his approach. With the money he used to waste in buying tobacco and beer, he buys some little dainty that his wife can enjoy with him. As he drives into the yard and sees her waiting for him, his heart swells with pride, for the lines have fled from her face and sunshine has taken their place. As he takes her in his arms and kisses her, and hears her soft voice whisper, "It's so sweet to kiss you now, dear," he thinks of the time when his kisses were offensive to her, and sobs and sorrow met him, instead of all this love and sunshine.

Tears of joy and thanksgiving dim his eyes, as he goes off to unhitch the team.

"Thank God I'm a man once more, and a gentleman!" he fervently whispers. "And thank God I had that dream!"

Why the Saints are in the Mountains.

BY WILLIAM HALLS.

As the Lord works on natural principles, through human agencies, to accomplish his purposes in the earth, when he has a particular work for individuals to do, he prepares them for that work. The history of men who have been prominent in the world's affairs proves this. A very striking example of this is shown in the life of Moses.

Had he been raised among his brethren in captivity, he would have been unprepared for his mission; but being for years in the court of Pharaoh, he was learned in the language, laws, customs and government of the Egyptians. Forced to flee to Midian, he received the priesthood under the hands of Jethro, and during his forty years' residence there he was, no doubt, taught the knowledge of the true God, and also the right powers and duties of the priesthood.

By these experiences he was prepared not only to stand before the imperious Pharaoh, and demand the release of his brethren, and lead them out of bondage as a temporal deliverer, but also to be their spiritual guide, their civil and ecclesiastical lawgiver.

The Lord promised them not only freedom from bondage, but to give them a choice inheritance described as a "land of milk and honey." Having crossed the Red sea, being free from restraint, why did not Moses lead them at once to the promised land? Having just been emancipated from slavery, they were unprepared to assume the responsibility of self-government, and apply to their lives the principles of civil and religious liberty. They needed experience and instruction in the knowledge of the true God; for,

as soon as Moses left them for a few days, they began the worship of a golden calf, in imitation of the Egyptians, who worshiped the sacred bull. Instead of reaching their destination in a few weeks, they wandered in the wilderness forty years, and only two, who were twenty years old and upward when they came from Egypt, lived to cross the Jordan into the promised land.

If it required former-day Israel forty years to be prepared to live the law of carnal commandments, and prepare for the first coming of Christ, how much longer will it require latter-day Israel to prepare to live the law of the celestial kingdom, and build up Zion for the second coming of Christ?

After Joseph Smith received his first vision, he was instructed several years by the angel Moroni, before he was permitted to receive the plates and commence to translate the Book of Mormón.

The Saints who settled in Kirtland, Ohio, had a very faint conception of the magnitude of the work that lay before them and their children and children's children before the coming of the Lord. Had they foreseen that the homes they were making would have been abandoned, and the temple they were building would so soon be in the hands of their enemies and be defiled, they would have labored with reluctance. As it was, with this knowledge withheld, they were slothful, for after they were commanded to build a house wherein the elders might be "endowed with power from on high" and be instructed to enable them to go and preach the gospel and minister in the callings of the priesthood more intelligently, the Lord reproved them, saying, "For ye have sinned against me a very grievous sin, in that ye have not considered the great commandment in all things I have given unto you concerning the building of mine house."

Those who settled in Jackson county, Missouri, in 1831, were, of course, all new converts without experience; and, as ancient Israel in the wilderness were impregnated with Egyptian idolatry, so were these infected with the leaven of the gentiles. They were unprepared to build up Zion, and the Missourians were unprepared to allow them. Their safety was in being united and keeping all the commandments of God, and when, by disunion and disobedience they forfeited their claims on the Lord for protection,

he used their enemies as a scourge to drive them from their homes.

In 1834, the Lord called some of the brethren from Ohio and other parts in the East to form a company called "Zion's Camp," to go to Missouri to assist those who had been driven from Jackson county, and use their influence, if possible, to reinstate them in their homes, but they were not in a condition to receive the blessing the Lord would have given them. The Lord said, speaking of those who had been driven, "I, the Lord, have suffered the affliction to come upon them in consequence of their transgressions." "Behold, I say unto you, there were jarrings and contentions, and annoyings and strifes and lustful and covetous desires among them, therefore by these things they polluted their inheritances. But, behold, they have not learned to be obedient to the things which I required at their hands, but are full of all manner of evil, therefore, in consequence of the transgression of my people, it is expedient in me that mine elders should wait for a little season for the redemption of Zion. And let those commandments which I have given concerning Zion and her laws be executed and fulfilled after her redemption."

In regard to the members of Zion's Camp, those who had been faithful and not murmured, the Lord said, "I have heard their prayers and will accept their offering; and it is expedient in me that they should be brought thus far for a trial of their faith."

The travels of Zion's Camp not only served to prove their endurance, faith and patience, but also to prepare them for their work in the future. The Lord, knowing that many of them would cross the plains with companies of emigrants, and especially to prepare them for that labor, the Lord told them in a former commandment to "journey by land, and they shall do like unto the children of Israel, pitching their tents by the way. And behold this commandment you shall give unto all your brethren."

It was not only necessary that the elders be prepared to lead the Saints, but that the whole Church be proved and tried and prepared to act unitedly. It was necessary that the Saints should move from place to place, and as they would not move with their own accord, the Lord allowed their enemies to move

them. Every time they moved, they left behind them some of the discontented and those weak in the faith; and every new settlement they made they were more united, a little wiser and a little better. And when they were expelled from Missouri, and left many more of the disaffected and commenced to build up Nauvoo, in Illinois, they did much better than ever before. Still, they were not yet in a condition to build up Zion. In order to do that, the Lord said, they must be "united according to the union required by the law of the celestial kingdom." "And Zion cannot be built up unless it is by the principles of the law of the celestial kingdom, otherwise I cannot receive her unto myself."

From the various missions, new converts were coming into Nauvoo, who were untried and inexperienced; there were foes without and traitors within. It soon became necessary that another move be made, not only to escape from persecution, but for the good of the Church. Another severe trial was necessary to shake off and leave behind the unworthy, that the more faithful might go and make another start.

That the faithful Saints had learned wisdom by what they had suffered, is proved by contrasting the conduct of Zion's Camp, in 1834, with that of the pioneers of 1847. Some of the members of Zion's Camp murmured and were rebellious to such a degree that the Lord afflicted them with cholera, and fourteen died, while the pioneers performed their journey across the plains, encountering still more hardships, without dissension.

It was not designed that the Saints who were gathered out from among the gentiles should alone build up the center stake of Zion, the "New Jerusalem." According to the word of the Lord, in the Book of Mormon, the Lamanites are to take an important part in that work. Soon after the Church was organized, a mission was opened among them, but up to the time the Saints left Nauvoo very little had been done among them. According to natural principles, the way the Lord always works, it would require a long time to civilize, educate and Christianize them to prepare them to intelligently fill their mission. We see even now, with all that the Saints have done for them, that they are yet unprepared.

The Latter-day Saints and the Lamanites are not the only

people to be considered in this work. This nation has a great and mighty mission, as a forerunner, to prepare the way for the preaching of the gospel, and the establishing of the Church of Christ upon the earth. The Lord raised up wise men and inspired them to found this government, they formulated the Declaration of Independence, framed the Constitution, setting forth the fundamental principles on which the nation should be built.

The battle was fought and independence gained; but independence is one thing, freedom is another. The Declaration of Independence by no means made the people free. "The fathers had eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth were set on edge." The abstract principles of freedom, existing in theory on paper, had to be worked out by a long course of training and experience, before they could apply them practically in their lives. The tree of liberty, either of civil or religious liberty, is of very slow growth. For sixty years after the making of the Constitution, we see the people assembled to celebrate their freedom; see them listen in reverence to the reading of the Declaration of Independence; see them held spell-bound while the orator of the day eulogizes the principles of liberty and holds up the nation as "the land of the free and the home of the brave." Yet the rebounding echo of the thunderous applause that emphasizes his theme has scarcely died away, before the same man is leading a howling mob to tar and feather the unfortunate citizens whose religious belief differs from his. When the Saints sent a petition to the president, praying for redress of their wrongs, President Van Buren answered, "Your cause is just, but I can do nothing for you."

The federal government could protect one of its citizens in far-away China, spend millions of dollars and sacrifice thousands of lives, if need be to defend him, and call to account the nation which would allow his rights to be infringed, but could not protect its citizens on its own soil. With such crude conceptions of the rights and duties of the general government in the mind of the chief magistrate, what might be expected of those who, if possible, were more ignorant and less informed?

What hope could the Saints have for protection under such conditions? But there are other reasons than those mentioned why the Saints should go to the mountains.

For years, the menace of slavery had been rising in the south, as a disturbing element. Being incompatible with freedom, it could not live and flourish under the same flag. It was contrary to the genius of the constitution and the declaration of the fathers that all men are "free and equal," and entitled to "life liberty and the pursuit of happiness." This was tearing the nation asunder. The moral sense of the South sustained it as a legitimate institution; the moral sense of the North condemned it as a "relic of barbarism." Many in the South were ready to lay down their lives in its defense, while more in the North were willing to lay down their lives to abolish it. Imagine the inconsistency of the picture of the Goddess of Liberty, holding out the banner of freedom inviting the world, while under the very shadow of its protecting folds stands the pale tyrant holding in thrall the dusky slave, whose despairing cry, as the cruel lash lacerates his quivering flesh, mingles its discordant note with the freeman's exultant shout of liberty.

This question had to be settled. The crisis came, which "terminated in the death and misery of many souls," as Joseph Smith prophesied it would, thirty years before. During that conflict, Missouri suffered more than any other state, especially in the vicinity of Jackson county, from whence the Saints were driven thirty years before. What would have been their fate had they been there at that time? Peace restored, the permanency of the Union assured, the Nation was ready to enter upon an era, not only of "reconstruction," but of constructive development.

Meantime, the Saints were in the mountains in peace, building homes, raising and educating large families, opening missions among the Indians, preaching the gospel abroad, and gathering Israel.

But they were laboring under great disadvantages by a lack of adequate transportation; when the elders went on missions, it took several weeks of laborious travel to reach either the Atlantic or the Pacific coast, and then a tedious ocean voyage to reach their destination. Hundreds of men and teams were sent every year to the Missouri river, a thousand miles, to bring emigrants who were fulfilling the words of Isaiah, "and many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountains of the Lord, to

the house of the God of Jacob, and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths." This mode of travel involved much waste of energy, time and means. It was necessary that several railroads be built across the continent, from sea to sea, with numerous local lines to intersect them; that steam vessels be built to facilitate ocean travel; and telegraph lines and postal routes established.

The Saints had neither numbers, time nor means to do this work; this was not their calling. This work was for others, aided by them, so the Lord raised up wise men and inspired them to form companies, organize capital, and do this work, and they are doing it with commendable zeal. Now, when elders go on missions, they reach their fields of labor in a few days, and emigrants from far-off Scandinavia or New Zealand can reach Salt Lake valley in a few days with ease, instead of six months' hard travel. And representatives from all the stakes of Zion, and the home missions, can attend the general conferences in Salt Lake City, report their labors, and receive instructions and counsels. The general authorities of the Church and members of the general boards of the auxiliary associations can visit the stakes, give necessary counsel, return in a few days and report conditions. The president of the Church, from his office in Salt Lake City, may communicate with the headquarters of the stakes and missions, receive information and give counsel as occasion requires. No people in the nation have been benefited more by these developments than the Saints have, from the fact that no people needed them as much. And no people appreciate these conveniences more than they, and none are more solicitous for the well-being and perpetuity of the nation.

The Lord did not raise up wise men to form this government to have it overthrown; it has a mission, not only to establish peace on this continent, but to exert a world-wide influence in the interest of peace and freedom among all nations. The fundamental principles enunciated by the fathers will prevail. The Lord will not suffer wicked men and traitors to destroy the government. If many turn away from virtue and honesty, become very wicked, and by secret combinations threaten its destruction, the Lord will cause the wicked to destroy the wicked, and by various calamities

cut off the most bitter branches. He will raise up wise men who will uphold the constitution, and the elders of the Church will stand as a unit in its defense. Though it may take the nation a long time to reach, in full, its ideals, prejudice and intolerance are gradually giving way; freedom is slowly but surely growing. In Nauvoo, from whence the Saints were expelled over sixty years ago, the people now open their doors and welcome the elders to their homes; the same is true of Jackson county, Missouri. The way is being prepared for the redemption of Zion.

In reviewing the history of events since the opening of this dispensation, we see clearly the hand of Providence over his Saints and over this nation; all the opposition, persecutions and drivings endured from their enemies, have tended to expedite the work and push the Saints on to their destiny. The Lord has made no mistakes; if mistakes have been made, they are the mistakes of men, which in no way can hinder the ultimate design of God.

It was necessary that the Saints come to the mountains to save them from destruction by their enemies; that they might escape the terrible scourge incident to the civil war; and that they might grow and spread out, so that the "border of Zion might be enlarged and her stakes strengthened." Thus, instead of being confined to the narrow limits of Nauvoo and vicinity, Hancock county, Illinois, we see them on the very backbone of the American continent, from Canada north to Mexico south, and spreading east and west,—filling the mountains and valleys with a healthy, prosperous, free and contented people; building temples, tabernacles, churches, schools, colleges and universities, for the spiritual and intellectual development of a God-fearing, pure and virtuous community. They are becoming "a powerful people in the midst of the Rocky mountains," fulfilling the prediction of Joseph Smith, delivered in 1842.

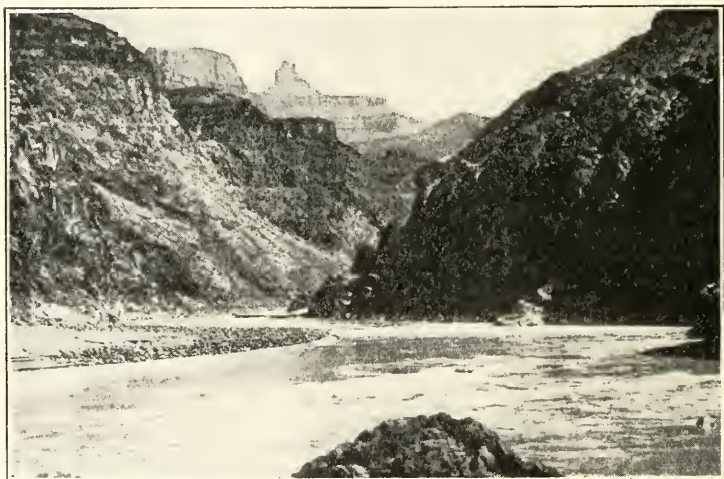
In regard to the spiritual condition of the Church compared with the conditions in Nauvoo, we now see the first presidency, the twelve apostles, with all the general authorities, united. They are all tried and true men; the same is true of the presidents of stakes, high councilors, bishops and counselors, almost without exception.

And there is growing up in our midst a class of young men

and women who, notwithstanding all the temptations and inducements to sin thrown around them, all of which are necessary to prove them, are showing a purity of life, strength of character, a self-denial, a devotion to duty to God and his cause, that show they can be trusted in any position to which they may be called.

And though we cannot say that all are walking the narrow way, yet out of this people, in the due time of the Lord, will be chosen a mighty host who will go and build up Zion, the "New Jerusalem," by the principles of "the law of the celestial kingdom," having a knowledge of all the arts, sciences, inventions and conveniences of civilization, also a knowledge of God by inspiration from heaven. They will build a temple and a city that will be the beauty of holiness, out of which God will shine, and the gentiles will come to her light, and "kings to the brightness of her rising," a city that the Lord will delight to own and bless at his coming.

MANCOS, COLO.



IN THE GRAND CANYON, ARIZONA.

The Crown of Individuality.*

BY WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

XI.—The Victoria Cross of Happiness.

Happiness does not come from folding our hands, serenely filling our hearts with the minor music of resignation, and gazing heavenward as though posing for a spiritual photograph. Happiness is activity, not torpor; doing, not dreaming; finding oneself, not losing oneself; illumination, not illusion; reality, not imagination. Happiness does not fool itself by believing that whatever is is best; it seeks constantly to find whatever is best in what is and—tries to make it better.

Making ourselves believe we are happy, by thinking that we are, is a poor brand of self-hypnotism. It does not bring happiness, any more than imagining we are dining sets before us a table with a real, eatable dinner of nine courses. Constantly declaring loudly we are happy when, in the deep indigo of a mood, we feel that happiness is for us forever as extinct as the dodo, is not brave, it is dishonest. It is playing a confidence game on the credulity of our friends. It is false optimism—the voice of the pessimist lying about his troubles. True happiness does not brag—it radiates.

If the trials and sorrows of life depress, one should not deny but realize them, and then instantly seek to change conditions, as the engineer stops his train at a danger signal and aids in removing the obstacle on the track. If our sorrows be real, we should

* From *The Crown of Individuality*. Copyright, 1909, by Fleming H. Revell Company.

then bear them as bravely as we can by concentrating the thought on brighter things. We often accentuate our pains by hot poultices of self-sympathy that we constantly apply to our wounds. We do not let Nature gently heal them; we do not seek to forget ours in helping others to forget theirs. Delusion never gives reality. Reality comes only from truth—right thinking followed by right living.

The Infinite gives to no man happiness; but only the raw material from which it can be made. He provides iron ore but never plowshares, clay but not bricks, wheat but not loaves. The material from which one man forms only an abode of misery, another transforms into a temple of joy. Happiness is a manufactured article; it cannot be bought or sold, it must be home-made—by the individual himself. The only man for whom a ready-made paradise was provided was Adam—and he spoiled it all and was evicted. All the other people have had to make their own paradise or go without.

Life is not a summer holiday, or a personally conducted tour through joyland, or a dream we must accept just as it comes—it is a struggle, a battle. We must do our part; we must fight—fight, too, with no war maps of the full campaign spread out before us for our consultation and inspiration. We must fight the enemy that is nearest, vanquish the duty that stands in our way, help the faint and the fallen, win every point of higher, better, clearer vision, be ready for whatever comes—with a true soldier's defiance of the odds against him. Whatever is worth while is worth the fight to attain it. If you want happiness, fight for it like a man. Fight to be worthy of it, fight to win it, fight to keep it, fight to share it, fight to help others get theirs.

Fighting for happiness is paradoxical. We must battle for something higher than happiness or we will not win it. He who aims at it directly always misses it. He gets a poor, weak, adulterated brand of selfishness that proves that his satisfaction, pleasure or joy is only a flavored, cheap substitute. Nature's pure food brand, the real article, never has a bad after-taste, it never palls. He who is living on the higher levels, battling bravely to be at his best, placing happiness secondary to love, right, honor, ideals, truth, unselfishness and justice, is the one to whom it

comes. Happiness is the moral Victoria Cross of life. It is an *extra* award given for kingship over self, a fine victory on the battlefield of self, "for valor," for the good of others.

More than fifty years ago England established the Victoria Cross—that simple Maltese cross of bronze with a decoration and the words, "For Valor," the whole suspended from a ribbon. It was given to soldiers, sailors, and to all others who proved worthy by special acts of unselfish bravery in imperative need.

Of the thousands awarded this most highly-prized honor, few, if any, ever thought of it for an instant at the very hour—they proved supremely worthy of it. Thrilled with sublime courage in the heat of battle they over-rode mere duty by a higher inspiration. Love for humanity made some rise to supreme heights of daring to save the lives of others. Some stood brave and undaunted, fearless, almost blind, to every danger in the hour of supreme need of a nation, an army or an individual.

Forgetting self, forgetting the fearful hazard, forgetting the spell-bound spectators, forgetting all but the imperative call for instant action, their plan was hardly conceived before its accomplishment was begun. They responded to some divine impulse that so filled the human that it left no room for thought of the Cross. They forgot it, but they proved worthy of it—and later it was pinned on their breast. Let happiness be our Victoria Cross—given because of our proving worthy.

The battlefield in our fight for happiness is not the world but—self. Mere attainment of wealth, fame, success, position, power or possession does not necessarily bring—happiness. The history of the ages proves this. Happiness comes ever from within. It is the atmosphere of an inner calm and peace. We must battle not for happiness directly but—against the elements within us that keep happiness from us, and valiantly on the side of those that will help us win it. There are traits within us that often poison the cup of happiness when it is safe within our hand,—jealousy, malice, stubbornness, envy, pride, selfishness, idleness, fear, worry, suspicion, and a host of others. Let us realize the elements that keep us from happiness, keep the need of mastering them before us, and we start bravely on the road.

Worry is a common enemy to happiness. It is restless sur-

render to vague fears, not meeting them singly, but multiplying them. It is the insistent, irritating iteration of one disturbing thought. Have you ever struck repeatedly one key of a typewriter when the ribbon does not move and then found it worn through in a few moments? There is no progress, no writing produced, no result but useless wear. This is how worry acts on the mind; it eats through energy, purpose, vitality, and produces—nothing. It is not the sunshine of clear thinking focused on a problem, it is a dull, distorting, blurring mental fog that creates phantoms where none exist. It is not easy to control; but it can be conquered, and it must be or it will darken the whole life of the individual. Taking shorter views of the daily living helps greatly.

Living from day to day, making each day a complete life in itself, doing each day our best, and in the realization we have done our best facing results bravely,—this is the magic formula that somehow we must learn to transform into real living. Worry has a corner on most of the—unhappiness in this life of ours.

We must fight against selfishness if we would win—happiness. All the sins, weaknesses, and follies of human nature are simply selfishness appearing and reappearing under a hundred disguises or changes of garb. Selfishness is treacherous because it produces a temporary counterfeit of happiness that cheats the individual. It gives a semblance while destroying the reality. It puts him out of touch with humanity, kills his genuine interest in others, isolates him, intensifies his demands while diminishing his real resources, destroys his true perspective of life, builds up a false self-sufficiency, a self-finality. Nothing that lives in nature lives for itself alone. The plant that absorbs what is to it life-food, carbonic acid from the air, must exhale oxygen or it will die. Giving is as vital as getting. Fighting for happiness means getting it in order that we may give it, and by giving it we get it again in new form.

Nothing outside of man can make him really—happy. It must in some way enter into the very fibers and substance of our lives and thoughts and needs. Happiness ultimately means self-conquest, self-harmony. It is the higher self ruling in peace over a conquered lower self, as a victorious general wisely rules a city he has taken. Happiness must not be confused with content, satisfaction,

comfort, pleasure, and joy. These are but sparks, while happiness is the electric atmosphere of the heart—living, pulsing, glowing. It is the gladness of the soul that inspires and strengthens the individual to face conditions he cannot change.

Happiness does not mean living under skies of perpetual sunshine, where pain, sorrow, sickness, longing, trial, failure and poverty are forever banished. They can never be banished from the world. But the positive, brave, aggressive spirit that inspires us in the fight for true happiness is greater, deeper, stronger and higher than these. It dominates them when they come, as a sturdy swimmer overcomes the threatening surge. It reduces the frictions of life, transforms their bitterness into sweetness, their pangs into power.

The great invaders of human happiness are not the great trials and sorrows, but the treason of petty day-by-day unnecessary worries, wrongs and injustices manufactured by ourselves or donated to us by those around us. Fighting for happiness lessens these in number and in force. Love gives us that quick instinct for finer vision in seeing wondrous possibilities for happiness for ourselves and others that no mere reason of the mind could discover. Love is the instinct of the heart. Purpose, a concentrated, consecrated object in living, helps to happiness for ourselves and for others.

There is only one minute a day, when the sun is at its zenith, that it casts no shadow. At every other moment the stronger the sunlight the deeper the shadow. There are rare, fleeting moments when the sun of our happiness is at its highest; *then* there are no shadows. Let us see the sunlight in our life so strong and with so concentrated a determination that the shadows will hardly trouble us. Let us not put off the expectation of happiness to be realized in some great future, but find it from day to day in the trifles of life—as the children of Israel gathered, fresh every day, the manna that fed them.

(This splendid series will be continued in the IMPROVEMENT ERA, volume 14, beginning with November, when "The Crimes of Respectability" will appear.)

Something About the “Lost Tribes.”

BY CHARLES W. PENROSE OF THE QUORUM OF TWELVE APOSTLES.

The gathering of Israel is part of the work of restoration, or “restitution of all things,” to be accomplished in the greatest of all dispensations—“the dispensation of the fulness of times.” This comprehends not only the return of Judah to Palestine, and the consequent re-establishment of the throne of David, to be occupied by one of his descendants, but the assembling of the “outcasts of Israel,” belonging to the tribes that were separated from Judah and Benjamin, were taken into captivity and were carried away into Assyria, from which country and its bondage they subsequently escaped and traveled northward into regions then generally unknown.

The story of the division of Israel from Judah is told in the Book of Kings, particularly in I Kings. The sins which were committed by the tribes of Israel under Jeroboam and his successors are described in chapters 15 to 22, and the account of their consequent captivity is given in II Kings, 17. The body of Israelites, commonly called the Ten Tribes, were really but portions of nine and a half tribes. Judah and Benjamin, with half of the tribe of Manasseh, united under the kingdom of Judea and were known as Judah, or the Jews. With them were mingled some portions of all the other tribes, but the greater numbers of them were carried away into captivity, and in scripture are mentioned as Israel, in distinction from Judah, who remained under a separate government until they, too, through transgression, were rejected of the Lord, were also taken captive, and subsequently were dispersed among the various nations of the world.

Thus all Israel, that is, the twelve tribes, the offspring of the

twelve sons of Jacob, were scattered abroad in fulfilment of the predictions of their great prophet, Moses, the final blow upon the Jewish people being dealt to them because of their rejection of the Messiah. Judah bears a special mark among all the races with which he has been mixed. The blood of Judah, though mingled with the blood of the Gentiles, carries its own identity with the power of reproduction through all its generations. There are, no doubt, some distinctive marks on the other tribes, but they are not so plainly discernible as those upon Judah. The principle of heredity is abiding and continuous, but it is not the purpose of this brief article to enter into it or explain it. However, Israel is distinct from all other races, and each branch or tribe is entitled to gifts peculiar to itself, which will all be manifested in due time.

The Ten Tribes, so-called, that were taken captive into Assyria, are destined, according to Biblical prophecy, to be gathered in the latter-days and become a great power in the earth. The Hebrew prophets—notably Isaiah, 11th chapter, Jeremiah, chapters 30 and 31, Ezekiel, chapter 37, and Zechariah, chapters 12 and 13—graphically describe the gathering of both Judah and Israel, the former to Jerusalem, the latter to a land chosen for them as specially bestowed upon Joseph, (Gen. 49: 26; Deut. 33: 15-17 who held the birthright in place of Reuben, who forfeited it through transgression. These predictions are to be fulfilled as literally as those concerning the dispersion. The scattering of the tribes of Israel is mentioned in the Old Testament repeatedly, but the course taken by them after their captivity is not definitely given in the books counted as canonical. However, it is clearly stated that they were taken into the "north country," and that in the latter-days they will be brought from the north country, as well as from other places where they were to be scattered. In the Apocrypha will be found an account of the movement of those tribes of Israel after they had been for some time in bondage (see II Esdras, 13: 39-50, as follows):

And whereas thou sawest that he gathered another peaceable multitude unto him; those are the Ten Tribes which were carried away prisoners out of their own land in the time of Osea the king, whom Salmanasar, the King of Assyria, led away captive, and he carried them over the

waters, and so they came into another land. But they took this counsel among themselves, that they would leave the multitude of the heathen, and go forth into a further country, where never mankind dwelt, that they might there keep their statutes, which they never kept in their own land. And they entered Euphrates by the narrow passages of the river, for the Most High then showed signs for them, and held still the floods till they were passed over. For through that country there was a great way to go, *viz.*, of a year and a half; and the same region is called Arsareth. Then dwelt they there until the latter time; and now when they shall begin to come, the Highest shall stay the springs of the streams again, that they may go through; therefore sawest thou the multitude with peace. But those that he left behind of thy people are they that are found within my borders. Now when he destroyeth the multitude of the nations that are gathered together, he shall defend his people that remain. And then shall he show them great wonders.

There have been many speculations concerning the probable whereabouts of these Israelites, whom the Lord is to bring in from their long dispersion, and make of them a great people in the latter-days. Some writers, who have learned of the relics of ancient races on the American continent, and the traces discovered of their evident Hebrew origin, their familiarity also with Egyptian architecture and language, have reached the conclusion that the unknown land to which, according to Esdras, the "lost tribes" were taken, was the American continent, and volumes have been written in support of this theory. The Latter-day Saints know that the notion is incorrect, because of the revelation of the Book of Mormon, which gives the origin of the people who built the cities and monuments and wrote the hieroglyphs referred to, and therefore understand for a certainty that these colonizers of this continent were not the Ten Tribes, but that descendants of Joseph were brought upon this land by Divine direction, and that from them sprang the civilization, the remnants of which have been discovered in latter times, and whose history is given in that most remarkable volume, translated by the gift and power of God.

The question, then, still remains, and is asked by many persons, among them not a few of the Latter-day Saints, where are the "lost tribes" of Israel, and do they exist somewhere as a distinct body, or were they all so scattered among the nations that

their identity has become extinct? In consequence of the numerous references in holy writ to the "north countries" as the destination of the tribes after their escape from Assyria, and to the part of the globe from whence they are to return, some people have imagined they were in the neighborhood of the north pole, and since the alleged "discoveries" of that region by Commander Peary and, perhaps, Dr. Cook, they have felt somewhat disappointed, feeling compelled to abandon the idea. Now, in the first place, there has been no positive revelation or authoritative announcement that the Ten Tribes existed in a separate body at or near the north pole. In the next place, the explorations and developments concerning the polar region have been chiefly conducted from points on the American continent, while the vast regions northward from the eastern hemisphere have been comparatively unexplored. It is quite possible, therefore, that there may be lands and peoples, in the extreme north of the other half of the globe, which are yet undiscovered and unknown. There are traditions among the people of Siberia concerning some fierce and hostile tribes, living in lands far to the north and regarded as dangerous and to be avoided. This is merely mentioned, in passing, to show the possibility that there are habitable lands between modern Russia and the pole.

Recently it has been argued that the prophecies concerning the gathering of Israel in the latter days are being fulfilled by the coming in of descendants of the house of Israel in northern Europe, through the preaching of the gospel of the kingdom, as restored by the angel of the Most High. It is evident from the blessings bestowed by the patriarchs of the Church upon the heads of Saints from those lands, that they are of the house of Israel, belonging to different tribes, but particularly of Ephraim. There is no doubt in the minds of those who have investigated this subject, that when traveling northward, as described by Esdras, the tribes of Israel mingled on the way with Gentile nations, and that numbers of their posterity are to be found in the various provinces of Germany, in Switzerland, in Holland, in Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Finland, Iceland, and the numerous islands in the far north.

Much of the blood of Israel is, doubtless, to be found in the British Isles. It was obtained, in all probability, by the admixture

of Saxon, Danish, Norwegian and Swedish blood with that of the ancient Britons and the Picts and Scots, who inhabited those islands and were subject to the incursions and conquests of the peoples mentioned, among whose ancestors the Israelites mingled in their journey of a year and a half towards the extreme north. Thus the nations here mentioned became impregnated with the seed of Israel, and their descendants who came to this country, bringing the principles of religious freedom and planting the standard of liberty, were also of the lineage to whom great blessings were promised, and from among all these, many who are of Israel embrace the gospel of the latter-day dispensation. The gathering of some of their descendants to Zion is in part fulfilment of the prophecies in regard to the gathering, but there are revelations which cannot be said to be literally fulfilled in this movement. Some of these are here cited:

And they who are in the north countries shall come in remembrance before the Lord, and their prophets shall hear his voice, and shall no longer stay themselves, and they shall smite the rocks, and the ice shall flow down at their presence. And an highway shall be cast up in the midst of the great deep. Their enemies shall become a prey unto them. And in the barren deserts there shall come forth pools of living water; and the parched ground shall no longer be a thirsty land. And they shall bring forth their rich treasures unto the children of Ephraim, my servants. And the boundaries of the everlasting hills shall tremble at their presence. And there shall they fall down and be crowned with glory, even in Zion, by the hands of the servants of the Lord, even the children of Ephraim; and they shall be filled with songs of everlasting joy. Behold, this is the blessing of the everlasting God upon the tribes of Israel, and the richer blessing upon the head of Ephraim and his fellows (Doc. and Cov. 133: 26-34).

This indicates the coming of a *body* of these Israelites, with prophets at their head, from regions of ice and rocks, under Divine direction, to receive blessings on this land where are the "everlasting hills," and the gathering place for Israel and the keys of power and authority in the hands of the "children of Ephraim." It is evident, also, that they have important records, containing accounts of the dealings of the Lord with them, and his word concerning them, which they are to bring with them, that they may

be joined with the record of the Jews—the Bible—and the record of the Nephites—the Book of Mormon (see I Nephi 15: 12, 13.)

For, behold, I shall speak unto the Jews, and they shall write it; and I shall also speak unto the Nephites, and they shall write it; and I shall also speak unto the other tribes of the house of Israel, which I have led away, and they shall write it; and I shall also speak unto all nations of the earth, and they shall write it. And it shall come to pass that the Jews shall have the words of the Nephites, and the Nephites shall have the words of the Jews; and the Nephites and the Jews shall have the words of the lost tribes of Israel; and the lost tribes of Israel shall have the words of the Nephites and the Jews.

We learn from the Book of Mormon, further, that the Savior, when he appeared to the Nephites, spoke of the "lost tribes" as having been taken away by the Father to a land which he did not reveal to them, and that he was going to visit them and make known to them the same things which he had revealed to his disciples on the eastern hemisphere, and to those on the western continent.

But, verily, I say unto you, that the Father hath commanded me, and I tell it unto you, that ye were separated from among them because of their iniquity, therefore it is because of their iniquity that they know not of you. And verily, I say unto you again, that the other tribes hath the Father separated from them; and it is because of their iniquity, that they know not of them. And verily, I say unto you, that ye are they of whom I said, other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold and one shepherd. And they understood me not, for they supposed it had been the Gentiles; for they understood not that the Gentiles should be converted through their preaching; and they understood me not that I said they shall hear my voice; and they understood me not that the Gentiles should not at any time hear my voice; that I should not manifest myself unto them, save it were by the Holy Ghost (III Nephi 15: 19-23).

And verily, verily, I say unto you, that I have other sheep, which are not of this land, neither of the land of Jerusalem; neither in any parts of that land round about, whither I have been to minister. For they of whom I speak are they who have not as yet heard my voice; neither have I at any time manifested myself unto them. But I have received a commandment of the Father that I shall go unto them, and that they

shall hear my voice, and shall be numbered among my sheep, that there may be one fold and one shepherd; therefore I go to show myself unto them (III Nephi 16: 1-3).

But now I go unto the Father, and also to show myself unto the lost tribes of Israel, for they are not lost unto the Father, for he knoweth whither he hath taken them (III Nephi 17: 4).

These revelations will, doubtless, be among the records which the tribes are to bring forth in the latter-days, and which are to be united with the Bible and the Book of Mormon, showing the dealings of God among these three separate sections of the house of Israel, bringing to pass the sayings of the prophets of old, and aiding in the consummation of the great work of the latter-days. Thus, while the gathering of scattered Israel is being partly fulfilled in the bringing in of people who are of the blood of Israel from the various nations where it was scattered, there is yet to come to pass the word of the Lord a portion of which is here cited, and we may confidently look for its fulfilment as literally as that concerning the house of Joseph and their record, and the house of Judah and their record.

We recommend students on this problem of the probable locality of a body of Israelites, descendants of the tribes that escaped from Assyria, and concerning whom great promises have been made, to look at a globe showing the conformation and countries of the earth, about which something is known, or a plan of the earth's surface, exhibiting both hemispheres, and then, with the understanding that the Ten Tribes, in their journey from Assyria northward, passed through continental Europe away up to the regions of ice on that hemisphere, and they will see the possibility, even the probability, of the existence of a body of people who will yet fulfil to the very letter the predictions of ancient prophets concerning their restoration in the latter-days. This will detract nothing from the views held concerning the great work of gathering of the people who have been mixed among the Gentiles, and whom the Lord is gathering from the east and the west, the north and the south, and giving them an inheritance in Zion.

Efficient Stake M. I. A. Supervision.*

BY ELDER DOUGLAS M. TODD OF THE GENERAL BOARD Y. M. M. I. A.

Inquiry made of a number of stake superintendents as to methods followed in accomplishing their work, reveals little uniformity. Methods vary under different conditions. While this was to have been expected, and is to a great extent necessary, there are, nevertheless, a number of fundamental principles and methods which every superintendent should thoroughly understand and follow as closely as possible.

I.—THE STAKE BOARD.

Close observation for many years has proven beyond question that the best results are obtained in those stakes that are provided with strong and well-centralized stake boards. This board should consist of a superintendent, two assistants, a secretary, a treasurer, and a number of aids, the number of the latter being governed by the number of associations under the supervision of the board. Members of the regular stake board should reside within a reasonably close distance of each other, so as to enable them to be regular attendants at the weekly meetings of the board. Assistants to the stake board may be appointed in those stakes where there are associations at long distances from the center, and their reports can be made at stated times in writing.

Some objection has been urged against the selection of too many workers as members of stake boards, on the ground that it

* Delivered at the Y. M. M. I. A. officers' meeting, annual conference, Saturday, June 4, 1910.

weakens the organization by taking too many good class leaders and ward workers away from positions where they are accomplishing much good. If care is used in the selection of stake and ward workers, little harm need be expected from this source. The qualities that go to make a good board member are not necessarily those that are found in a good class leader, and whenever a young man is found doing good work as an officer in an association, or as a class leader among the boys, he should be disturbed only for the best of reasons. The highest position in the Church, or the place of greatest honor for any young man, is where he can do the most good.

I think we will not feel the burden of these numerous stake boards and organizations, if we can only continue to draw more young men into the field. We have a great deal of work to perform in the Church, in every organization, and we have a great many organizations; but the plan is formed on the supposition that we have a great many workers, and that there is nothing in the world that develops people faster than giving them something to do. We have lots of offices, and we ought to have lots of officers. I realize that it is a pretty heavy strain, at times, to get the right kind of men to fill the numerous positions which our organizations naturally create; and unless we can reach out, and get more young men into the harness who will perform their duties and get the spirit of their calling, undoubtedly it is going to be a burden on the few. It may weaken us in some places, in order to strengthen us in others. We have failures, not because of the lack of a good system or a good organization, but for lack of following out or working up to any particular plan. Most of our failures go by default. It was not because we did not know what to do; it was not because we did not have men to do it; but it was because we did not organize; we did not get together; we did not do the things that were outlined for us. This is true in nine cases out of ten.

You may quiz a superintendent very closely, and, in most instances, you will find his work is deficient, not because he does not understand what ought to be done, but because he has not been sufficiently diligent in doing that work, or in getting others to do it. That is his work; that is the larger part of his work—

the manifestation of what we call "executive ability," or the power to get somebody else to do the work for you (laughter); and that is a very great gift; it is a great power; and there are few men who can exercise it as it ought to be exercised. That is enough for any man that stands at the head of a large and important organization. He is seeing that the work is done, and the chances are that he does, then, as much as any other member of the organization. Where we have such young men, who take hold of this work in the spirit of the work, and organize it as their necessity demands, it seems impossible, and almost useless, for any stake to copy too closely the organization of another stake. But, I believe that there are these essentials—that we must have stake boards; that they must be reasonably large; that they must be so located that they can hold regular meetings for laying out their work, reporting upon their work, talking over the work, and getting the spirit of the work.

II.—WARD ORGANIZATIONS AND MEETINGS OF WARD OFFICERS.

Much that has been said regarding the organization of the stake board, applies with equal force to the ward. There should be enough members to create interest in the meetings, and these meetings should be formal in their nature, and held at regular intervals. There should be prayer, roll call, and minutes of the previous meeting, that all may be reminded of actions taken and work assigned. Both members and committees would be more likely to accomplish tasks assigned them if there were more certainty of their being called upon to report their labors. When committees or members are assigned certain duties, it is the business of the presiding officers to know at short intervals how the work is progressing, so that assistance or stimulation may be given as needed. This can be done only where meetings of all workers are held regularly.

III.—ORGANIZATION OF COMMITTEES.

The General Board has been pretty thoroughly divided into committees, in order to meet the necessities of the increasing diversity of our work; and, where necessary, similar committees may be appointed in stake and ward organizations, but it will be

well to know that necessity for the committee exists before it is organized.

IV.—CLASS LEADERS.

One of the most important objects of all of our efforts as Mutual Improvement workers, is getting the many subjects we put forth in our manuals before as many boys as possible, in such a way as to influence their lives for good. In accomplishing this great end, so much depends on the man who presents the subject that stake presidents, bishops and all concerned should be fully converted to the necessity of rendering all assistance possible to help us secure the best available material.

In one of our most successful stakes, that is one of their committees. They have a committee on class study, and they have a chairman of that committee—one of the best men that they can get in the stake, an educator who understands his business, and whose duty it is to assist in the selection of efficient class leaders, to suggest to them plans for doing better class work, making better preparation, getting the class leaders to understand and get the spirit of their particular work.

Very much depends upon securing suitable material. We cannot always hope to secure the best in the stake, because there are many other organizations that are laboring just as diligently as we are, and who are reaching out, just as anxiously, for every well qualified young man they can get hold of. I heard of a movement, in one particular stake, to restrict appointments—one stake position to one person. This is rather a new innovation, and I am doubtful, in my mind, as to how it will work. I do not know that we are far enough along to restrict ourselves in that way. One thing we do want to do, is to be up and doing. Of course, if we do not make an effort, if we do not make application for workers in our organizations, we will not get them. There are two or three places for every efficient young man who comes home from school or college, or returns from a mission. There is a spirit of competition and rivalry among our organizations, and we will have to be up and doing, and get a fair share of all the talent that there is in the Church, among the young men. We will have to organize our stake boards according to our necessities, and according to the work which we are trying to accomplish. There

has been considerable done the last year or two in the field of athletics. There has been occasion for more and stronger committees. There has been necessity for closer conferences, more regular meetings, better plans, more efficient organizations to accomplish the work that we are attempting along that particular line. But when all is said and done, the greatest thing that there is, in order to secure efficient stake supervision, is the spirit that the young men manifest in this particular work. It is a Church work; it is a religious duty; it is a mission to which our young men are called; and if they do not strive, under the spirit and guidance of the Holy Ghost, to get the spirit of their calling, and to get into it in that spirit, to manifest humility, prayerfulness and an earnest desire in their hearts to perform the work to which they are called, their plans and programs and committees, and all this mechanical outline which they make, amounts to very little.

I believe this, brethren, that there is a spirit that goes with every calling in this Church. A man is entitled to inspiration in every position which he is called to occupy, and he is entitled to more inspiration in that particular calling than any other man in the stake. There isn't another man in the stake, be he high or be he low in the organization, who is entitled to such inspiration from the Lord, as to what ought to be done, as the young man who has been regularly called and set apart to perform that particular work. I think there should be no man in the stake who gets better ideas or more inspiration as to what ought to be done for the good of the young men, than the superintendent of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations in the stake. If I had the power to leave that one particular thought with every stake superintendent and every aid—that they seek diligently for the Spirit of the Lord to guide them and give them inspiration, to suggest to their minds what particular form their work ought to take in order to accomplish the best results—I would feel well paid for all the effort I have put forth in the work. May God bless and prosper us in our labor, I ask in the name of Jesus. Amen.

DISCUSSION.

A Brother in the audience (name not given): The greatest

trouble we have in our association is how to get our enrollment and attendance up. I would like to get some ideas on that. How can we get ward workers to work up their attendance, to hunt the boys who are not in the Mutuals, and get them there and keep them there? That is the problem we have to solve.

D. M. Todd: It is a big question, brethren, a big subject. I would answer it by saying, in two ways: first, by competent missionary work, especially in the beginning of the season; and then by convincing every young man in the ward that you have his interest at heart and have not forgotten him. Again, I would repeat, we fall down because of lack of effort. There are scores of boys who never receive an invitation of any kind to go to Mutual, in our various wards, up to Christmas time. In some wards they have received a very nice little invitation, reminding them that Mutual commences on a certain date, and that the brethren would be pleased to have their attendance and their assistance during the coming year. In other wards, they visit around and make personal calls, perhaps at the young man's home, where they can talk with him, and, at the same time, enlist the sympathy and support of the father and mother. I don't know how it operates upon you, but I tell you when a young man comes into my home inquiring and wanting to enlist our support in this cause, he gets it; for the time being, at least, he gets it; there is no question about it. He converts me in a minute, and I feel like putting my shoulder to the wheel and helping him accomplish what he is doing. There are many little devices like this to reach the boys and get the subject before them. Advertising—that is what it is. It is letting every person in the ward know what you are doing and when you are going to do it. Then another thing is to "deliver the goods." The boys will come if you give them what they need and desire. I realize this: that you frequently have to create the desire, create a desire for something that is good, but very much depends upon the character of the work you are doing; it centers and rests right down upon that class leader. We believe, of course, that we are giving you excellent subjects. If we didn't, we would hunt up those that we thought were excellent. But, taking all things into consideration, and all the conditions, we, the General Board, are certainly trying to give you the

subjects that will be best fitted for your various conditions. Now, after we have done this, after we have stirred you up the best we can, by reminding you of what we are trying to accomplish, then we ask you to pass it along; and then it will rest, very largely, upon your class leader, the man who handles the subject which we have given you, and the men at the head, who get up those splendid little programs. I attended a Young Men's Improvement Association in Idaho Falls, last Wednesday evening. They were taking up summer work. They had two or three of the nicest, tidiest little pieces of music, and then they took up a discussion of Robert's *Rules of Order*. It certainly filled me with enthusiasm in regard to the possibilities of our young people along this line. Now, I am satisfied that that question would be answered there. I believe that all you have to do now is to go out and get an intelligent young man, and get him to attend once or twice, and you would have him for the season, if all our associations were giving exercises of interest. We have had an example here this morning. Every member here sat listening attentively; we did not lose a single word. We were all pleased. You could see it on every countenance. There is not much trouble in getting up attendance, if we do good work.

Member: One question more. Do you not find that the summer course helps the attendance by not letting the interest die out?

That is my experience; I do not think there is any question about it. In the statistics furnished us at the last conference, by the bishop's office, it is shown that there are enrolled in the Sunday schools 46 per cent of the Church population; in the Primaries 19 per cent; in the Religion classes 10 per cent; in the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association 9.1 per cent; in the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association 8.8 per cent. We can well direct some effort toward obtaining a larger membership, and also a more regular attendance.

Some Men Who Have Done Things.

BY JOHN HENRY EVANS, OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' UNIVERSITY.

XII. —Charles W. Penrose.

THIS ARTICLE TELLS HOW A POOR ENGLISH BOY, THE SON OF A WIDOW, BECAME THE HORACE GREELEY OF "MORMONDOM,"
MOULDING THE OPINIONS OF TWO GENERATIONS.

Last year the IMPROVEMENT ERA ran to exactly ten hundred and eight pages—two good-sized volumes on my shelf. Suppose, now, you had ninety-seven of these ranged side by side. They would cover just ten and a half feet—more than twice the space of Eliot's five-foot library. This would fairly represent the Penrose editorials, if they were bound—the work of thirty-five years! And, mind you, this is a low estimate. I have only counted a column a day in the newspaper, and three hundred days in the year. Nor have I included hundreds of editorials for the *English Star*, articles during many years for the magazines and newspapers, and countless documents for the Church, let alone his tracts and books. No wonder he told me that newspaper work is not a soft snap!

Nor would your ninety-seven volumes be thin ideas in ragged English. Charles W. Penrose has neither thin ideas nor ragged English. His literary code is extremely rigid. The journalist, he thinks, ought to write correctly, concisely, clearly, and truthfully. And anybody who knows the first principles about writing is aware that all these qualities do not come always for the asking. Whoever will take the pains to go over the writings of Mr. Penrose will find opinions plainly and strikingly put.

Opinions, mind! And this is a great point in our day, when a grain of wheat is hidden in two bushels of chaff: Charles W. Penrose was not a pair of invisible scissors, clipping inaudibly, nor yet a pen, dipping itself in ink and writing merely because there were three columns to fill, besides the theatre announcements. Emerson distinguishes between the farmer and the Man on the farm, and the distinction is obvious. Similarly, there is the editor and the Man writing editorials. Mr. Penrose was the Man in the editorial room, thinking.

Somebody, whose name is not worth remembering, has said that it does not matter any more whether or not we know who edits our daily papers—even the big ones. That is a mistake. The time will never come when it won't matter. Time was when American newspapers were under the complete domination of the political party. But strong men, like James Gordon Bennett and Horace Greeley, broke away and said what was in them, without consulting the politicians, and we had a period of independent journalism. Now, again, except in a comparatively few cases, political parties are in control and the vested interests speaking through the counting room. The editor in the editorial room speaks only when nodded to, and says only what he is told to say. But the Man in the editorial room is of a different stripe. He will not be muzzled. He will speak the truth as he sees it. The attempt was made once, by a political daily in Salt Lake, to put Mr. Penrose in leading strings. But the thing could not be done. And so it *does* matter whether we know who writes our editorials. There is no hiding the fact that an editor is in the room, or a Man writing editorials.

For more than twenty years Charles W. Penrose was an authority to the "Mormon" reading community. Was there a knotty theological question? It went to him, and knotty indeed would it have to be if it had no answer from him—and a clear one! Was there a dispute on any subject, or a point on which information was wanted? It was confidently forwarded to the editor of the *News*. Apostle Penrose himself can never approximate how he both shaped opinions and directed modes of thinking in the young men and women of the Church. I personally know of a raw youth who lived on an Idaho farm, in

those days, in what was then a wild and lonely country. During all the years running between nine and nineteen, in this boy's life, almost his whole source of education was the *Deseret News*, which he read with the most religious devotion—advertisements and all. But always the most vital thing to him was the editorial page. This he read and reread. More than to anything else, he owes to those editorials whatever of clearness of vision he possesses, and intelligible expression, if not actually a controversial turn of mind. And this Mr. Penrose must have done for boys and girls and men and women over all the Church, especially where books were scarce. It is no small thing to have done this.

But Charles W. Penrose was once a poor boy himself, of whom no one would hazard a prediction that called for a long life like his, and of such usefulness.

He was born nearly seventy-nine years ago, in England. Fond of books, he read a great deal, including poetry and the Bible, which he could understand at an unusually early age. At eighteen he joined the Church, and then began his long career of religious activity. Almost immediately he was ordained an elder and sent on a mission, which lasted ten years. When this ended he came to Utah, living first at Farmington, then at Logan, next at Ogden, and finally at Salt Lake City. He has been a farmer, a store-keeper, a legislator, a high councilor, one of a stake presidency, and now is deservedly in the quorum of apostles. All this in addition to a foreign missionary and editor.

His journalistic career began very early. While in England, in his first missionary field, he wrote for the *Star*. These early articles were mainly controversial. Besides, he answered attacks of ministers and others in the English papers. He wrote some verses, too, during these years, which were printed in the *Star*, among them being the famous hymn, "O ye mountains high."

These activities in writing it was that led to his appointment, in 1866, as assistant editor of the *Star*. During two years and more he wrote all the editorials for this excellent little magazine, besides many articles for newspapers, in defense of the faith.

Returning home from this second mission, he was offered a place in the editorial rooms of the *Daily Telegraph*, published by the brilliant journalist, T. B. H. Stenhouse. But he refused the

offer to enter into business at Logan. Later, the *Ogden Junction* was started. Franklin D. Richards, who had presided over the European mission while Mr. Penrose edited the *Star*, induced the future journalist to accept the assistant editorship of that paper. Presently it became a daily, with Mr. Penrose as editor and manager. But the work was too much, even for a man of the enormous vitality of young Charles W. And so the *Junction* had to get a business manager.

After seven years, however, President Young asked the young editor to come to Salt Lake to work on the *News*. For a time he was sub-editor, but later, in President Taylor's day, was made editor-in-chief. With the exception of two years, during which he was editor of the *Herald*, and a brief period, during which he was assistant Church historian, he occupied the chief editorship of the *News*, till he was called to preside over the European mission some three and a half years ago.

The opinions of such a man—a man with extraordinary natural endowments to begin with, and a wide and varied experience such as he has had—ought to be of considerable weight.

"What qualifications," I asked him, "do you think a young man ought to have who looks towards journalism for a career?" And his answer was,

"Keen and quick perceptive powers, love of the truth, concentration, punctuality, firmness and industry. He ought to have the ability to get to the bottom of a question rapidly, almost intuitively, and to examine exactly and swiftly both sides of any question that may come up for treatment. The journalist should have the disposition to get at the truth of a thing promptly, in regard either to circumstances, principles or policies. And then, of course, he must acquire the habit of expressing, directly and clearly, his honest convictions. If he perceives a weakness in an opponent's argument or statement, he has done only half of what is necessary. He must also point that weakness out in such a manner that others will see it. He must, therefore, guard against such weakness in his own statements, so they may not be open to question from the other side. There must be accuracy in every statement that is made, whether it be of occurrences, dates and figures, or as to the position taken by the other side in the

controversy. Then he must have what I may call a positive condition of mind, with firmness to hold to a given point and, at the same time, a willingness to look at and fully consider the claims of the opposition. Tenacity of purpose in holding to a position, once taken, until it is shown to be untenable—not, of course, to the point of not being willing to correct mistakes—that is necessary to an editor; but vacillation is a mark of weakness, and renders writings of little value. Then he must have activity, continuity, perseverance, and a willingness and the ability to work, work, work! There are no soft-snaps in journalism. If there are, I have not found them.

“The journalist, moreover, must have a wide range of information. His mind must be open to receive present impressions and grasp current events, taking a world-wide view of happenings, theories and public opinions. He must form the habit of catching hold of news items from every available source rapidly, but with entire concentration. That matter of concentration, let me say, is vitally necessary—the ability to give one’s whole attention now to this, and now to that, without afterwards confusing ideas about them.”

And let *me* stop long enough to interject that, without doubt, Mr. Penrose’s ability to put his mind quickly to a thing and wholly to it, without diversion, is one of the secrets of the extraordinary amount of work he has been able to do. A wonderful quality of mind, which it will pay any young man to cultivate. He does not believe in trying to do two things at the same time. Intense concentration on one thing at a time, no matter how small, tends, he says, to clearness of thinking. Besides, Mr. Penrose, according to all accounts, has a phenomenal memory. The secret of *that*, too, is his power of concentration, his habit of considering one thing at a time, and putting his whole mind on it.

“Newspaper work,” he continued, “requires promptitude, industry, and devotion. No one can succeed, either as a reporter or an editorial writer, without these characteristics. Temperance in all things, avoidance of stimulants is absolutely necessary to permanent success.”

In answer to a question as to the prospects of any young man who entered upon journalism, he said: “It is not lucrative, com-

pared with most other professions. High-class journalism, of course, is well-paid—in the large cities of the nation. In the newer parts of the country the remuneration of the journalist is comparatively small. The supply of capable journalists, like the supply of capable teachers, is small, yet, strange to say, the monetary rewards are small, out of all proportion, in both professions. The cause for this, in the case of the newspaper writer, lies in the large number of newspapers in our western country and the consequent limited circulation of each."

"What, then, are the rewards of journalism?"

"Well, there is a certain fascination in gathering news, narrating events, and commenting on the questions of the day. The fact that one's writings exert an influence on others, increases this fascination. And then, of course, the journalist has a desirable standing in the community. The real reward of journalism is the dissemination of correct principles, which build up good society, and those who engage in it have their compensation in the influence they carry and the good they effect.

"All this, however, applies only to decent journalism. But there is a sort which any aspirant for journalistic honors should avoid. Many persons engage in newspaper work for the pay it brings, and for the evil they can do in the way of retaliation for injuries received or imagined, and to break down that which they dislike and wish to destroy. Yellow journalism, as it is called, is one of the most ignoble of occupations. It begets and encourages a disregard for truth, honor, equity, justice and mercy. The bogus interview affords one illustration of the evil of that kind of journalism. Sometimes it is manufactured entirely by the reporter, giving, as the views of some prominent person, ideas that he never entertained, in language that he never used. In other cases the reporter deliberately misinterprets the opinions and perverts the words of the person interviewed, to his personal injury and the deception of the public, just to suit the bias of the paper that publishes them, or to play into the hands of political or other opponents. Such libelous articles are deserving of the most severe public reprobation, and their authors should be denounced and punished, while the paper that encourages them ought to be shunned by all readers."

"But, Brother Penrose," I interrupted, "in what you have just said you imply that yellow journalism pays. Is that correct?"

"Yes. There is a large class of general readers who take pleasure in feeding on this literary garbage and 'spicy' falsehood."

"That, I suppose, becomes a snare to the feet of the young and unwary journalist, does it not?"

"It does. The journalist must be clean, if he is to do good work. Drinking and gambling and lying, once they are begun, inevitably drag the weakling down. The reporter comes in contact with all classes of society, in his quest for news. But here, as everywhere else, strength of character is at a premium. When the newspaper man goes on the downward path very far, he generally leaves the clean paper and gravitates to the disreputable sheet."

Mr. Penrose believes that there is ample room for growth and individual progress in journalism. "The journalist may broaden his own powers and learn to appreciate the best thoughts and modes of expression, and thus grow into a power in the community."

The Gospel of Smiles.

BY HAROLD GOFF.

Blest is the man who believes in the gospel of smiles—who keeps a song in his heart whether the skies be blue or gray. When sorrow and disappointment come to him, he hides them away in himself somewhere, and the friend whom he greets, seeing only the smile, hearing the cheery salutation, and feeling the warmth of his handclasp, believes there is only joy in his soul.

How bright the world because of him! He goes into places where darkness has reigned, and sunshine enters with him and remains. He walks among the subjects of pain, and drives that despot from his realm. He descends into the valley of death, and life abounds.

Thus, in all his journey through the world, he carries a blessing for his fellowmen; and though, at last, even he sinks down before defeat, he hears the sound of victory's music, and through the shadow of failure he can see God's smile.

“A Little Child Shall Lead Them.”

BY NEPHI ANDERSON, AUTHOR OF “ADDED UPON,” “THE CASTLE
BUILDER,” ETC.

I.

The baby was very sick. The doctor, leaving an hour ago, had said that he could do no more for it; it might live to grow up, or it might at any time follow its mother into the world of spirits. Edith held it in her lap and looked down into its pitiable small, wan face, wondering at its littleness and weakness, and of what more she could do for her wee baby brother.

The baby's mother had died when it had come into the world, now nearly two weeks ago. The father, being a seaman, was away, far on the other side of the world, and would not be home for months yet. So there were the eight-year-old sister Jennie, herself, and the baby—and the baby, apparently, would not stay long with them.

It was ten o'clock in the evening. Jennie was fast asleep in her bed in the corner. As the elder sister sat with the baby on her lap, she felt lonely and heartsick. Her very bones ached with weariness, and she could easily have fallen asleep where she sat, even though a dying babe was in her lap; but she steeled herself to endure. For the last month she had lived under high tension. She had watched and worked during her mother's last illness, and had cared for the child since. What more could she do now? Her eyes hungered on the child.

“You sweet little thing, bless you!” she whispered. “Mother gave you to me to keep and 'tend, and I'm doing the best I can. What more can I do? What—I haven't—and mother asked me

to—I have forgotten! And perhaps it is too late now. O baby! O mother!”

The young woman arose, and carried the baby to the bed in the corner. She gently shook her sleeping sister, who awoke, rubbing her eyes.

“Jennie, wake up! wake up! You must watch baby a little, while I run for the minister. Here, are you awake? Let him lie with you. I’ll not be long.”

She made the little girl sit up in bed, wrapping the clothes well around her; then placed the baby near her, where it would be safe. Then she threw a shawl over her head, and hurried out.

There was a cold, drizzling rain falling, and the pavement stones were slippery with mud. The lights were out in the shops, and the gas lamps on the corners were but hazy blurs. Edith heeded neither darkness nor wet, but sped on down a narrow, ill-smelling street, it being the nearest way to the parsonage. Drunken men and women reeled by her, but she noticed them not, as they were common enough sights in the big English seaport where she lived. A light yet burned in the parsonage, so she hurried up the steps and rang the bell. A maid admitted her, and she asked if the minister was in. She was told that he was, and was shown to a small waiting room.

Presently, the parson entered. Edith’s acquaintance with him was slight, as she very seldom attended his services. He met her with a smile, peculiar to ministers, and the girl noted that there was a dimple in his chin. He stood waiting for her to state her errand.

“The baby is very sick,” she stammered, “and he hasn’t been christened yet—nor baptized. Won’t you come and attend to it, sir?”

“I—I—what is your name, my good woman?”

“I’m Edith Dexter—John Dexter’s daughter.”

“John Dexter?”

“Yes. You may not know him, but—”

“Yes, I remember him. He is not—”

“No; he does not belong to your church,” replied the girl, surmising what the minister’s pause meant. “He does not belong to any church; but mother was a member of your congregation.

You remember her, sir? Because she asked me to, I have come to you. The baby may not live long, and I have neglected to have it baptized. You see—" she went on hurriedly, as she noted the minister's smile change to an expression which looked like a frown—"you see, I'm not a regular church goer, and so, in the stress of our troubles, I forgot to take the little one to church; but if you'll come now, sir."

"You have been very neglectful," said he, "in denying the saving grace of the gospel to an helpless babe."

"Yes; perhaps I have; but then —"

She hardly knew what to say, so her words ended in a moan. The parson went to the window and looked out. The rain beat against the glass. He looked at his watch.

"It is late tonight," he said, "and I have much to do; a number of calls yet to make before morning, but I shall come to you as soon as possible." He took her address and bade her good night.

She ran back home through the darkness and rain. Jennie was heroically trying to keep awake, and the baby was lying as she had placed it. The young woman threw her wet shawl over a chair by the fire in the grate, and picked up the infant. It opened its eyes and looked at her, but lay very still.

"Baby dear! baby dear!" she crooned as a mother would. "Dear little brother, stay with us! We want a brother so bad—a brother to grow up to be a man. Baby, dear, dear—" She lifted the tiny thing up and gently pressed her lips to its cheek. "What shall we name you? John, after father, or Paul? Jennie, what shall we name little brother?" But Jennie was fast asleep.

Outside, the noises grew fewer, as the city took upon itself the quiet of midnight. The rain still fell, and a wind from the sea drove it against the windows. Edith placed some coal on the fire, and drew her chair nearer. She tried to have the baby feed from a spoon, but it would not respond to the coaxing touches. Why did not the parson come?

Dear baby! What a frail, flower-like thing it was! thought Edith. Why should it have to be baptized, anyway? She had a faint recollection of the preacher's saying that baptism was for the remission of sins. But what sins had the baby committed? What

wrong could it have thought or done in its few days of earthly life? But the mother had been a believer, and if by any rite or ceremony in this life the baby would get a safer journey to heaven to join its mother, why, by all means, let it be done. There may be something in it, or the mother would not have been so anxious. As for herself, she had not bothered much with religion, especially since Paul Weldon had become religious and had tried to convert her to his peculiar views. Paul used to come to see her. It seemed an age since she had quarreled with him and had sent him away, though it had been only a year. He, also, was a seaman, and goodness knows in what part of the world he was roving. Sailors get to see the world, anyway, while the women stay within the narrow confines of the smoke-begrimed town, grinding out their lives in some shop or mill. . . . The clock struck twelve.

There is the minister! No; it was but a gust of wind. The watcher with her babe looked out of the window, but all was still now. She paced softly back and forth on the floor until one o'clock, but no parson came. Then she sat down again by the glowing coals. The baby was cold; its little hands and feet were like ice. She rubbed them gently by the fire, but the child lay motionless in her hands. Its faint breathing could hardly be detected. The clock struck two.

How the wind howled outside! The sign-boards of the shops on the corners rattled and creaked! A boat on the river signalled hoarsely that it was coming into harbor. Jennie slept soundly in the corner. The little babe became stiller and colder, if that were possible; then there was a twitching of the face, a spasmodic movement of its limbs, and then it lay limp and dead. The girl knew now that all was over with "little brother," so she placed him gently in his crib and spread the sheet over his lifeless form.

Then the intense strain was relaxed, and Edith sank into a chair, sobbing out her grief until the early hours of the morning. Added to all her sorrows was now another: she had permitted the child to die unbaptized. She had neglected it until it was too late. What if it had died in its sins, and was now beyond the reach of salvation, beyond the reach of its sainted mother! And she—she had been the cause of its destruction!

The minister came as the daylight was creeping through the window. He explained that he had been detained longer than he had expected.

"It's now too late," she said, "the child is dead."

He stood looking at the distracted young woman, and there was a mixture of sternness and pity in his gaze.

"You have neglected a solemn duty," he said; "and now we must trust that God will have pity."

"In what way?" asked she, realizing in a dim way what she wanted to know.

"We shall hope that the child is an Elect infant," he replied.

"And if he is not, what then?"

"It is not for me to say."

"Do you mean, parson, that there is a possibility of my little brother's having been lost? he who has been innocent of any wrong or sin?"

"We all sin and fall short of the salvation of the Lord."

"But he was such a mite—and he lived only two weeks—he—"

"There is no sin so small but it deserves damnation. . . . Can I be of any service to *you* in any way?"

Edith Dexter arose. She was not a bad looking girl, though now she was sadly worn with toil and shaken with sorrow. She straightened herself, however, holding her head firmly erect.

"No;" she said defiantly, "you cannot help me—neither you nor your religion—a religion which sends innocent babes to hell. No, thank you!"

The parson retreated to the door, paused there for a moment, and then passed out. When he had gone, the young woman went to the dead child, lifted the cover, and touched softly its cold cheek. Then she drew the sheet over again. She locked the door, then blew out the lamp. The rain had ceased, and the clouds were scudding before a wind high up in the heavens. Edith lay down by her sister, gently drew the sleeper's head against hers, and remained still. In a little while she, too, was fast asleep.

II.

One warm afternoon in July Paul Weldon stood in the open doorway of No. 14 Willmington Street, looking into the little front parlor. He heard a noise, as of someone scrubbing a floor at the back, and he hesitated whether or not to give some taps with the knocker, or to go around to the back. As a rule, women do not like to have visitors on wash or scrub days, and he was not sure of a welcome under the most favorable conditions. Paul was a young man of twenty-eight, tall and well-formed. He was dressed in clothes that had the marks of a tailor's recent pressing, and he looked "sprucy" enough to call on the finest lady in the land.

Paul rapped, and the scrubbing ceased. A back door opened part way, and Edith Dexter's head peered around.

"Who is it? What's wanted?" she asked. Then she recognized the visitor and continued, "Why, Paul, is that you? Come in and sit down, while I finish the floor."

She closed the door and went to work again. Paul stepped in and looked around. He saw the same little parlor with the same furniture and ornaments that had been there a year ago. Not even a chair had been changed from its accustomed place, and his own photograph leaned, as usual, against the vase on the mantel.

When Edith came in, he saw that she had changed her dress and smoothed her hair. They looked at each other earnestly, as they soberly shook hands.

"You look well," she said.

"And you," he replied, "you have changed a bit."

"Yes; we live in a world of change. I suppose you have heard of us?"

"Yes; I saw your father at Suez, on his way through the canal to Calcutta. He told me about your troubles, and he asked me to call on you when I got home. I landed yesterday afternoon."

"Thank you. Is he well? I haven't had a letter for three weeks."

"He was well, and bearing up under his trouble manfully. I

was to tell you, from him, that you were to take care of yourself and Jennie, and you were not to work too hard."

"He's a dear dad," she said with a smile.

"Where's Jennie? She's grown some, I suppose?"

"She'll be home from school shortly."

"Are you through with your Saturday's house-cleaning, Edith?"

"Nearly; just a little dusting."

"Dusting? I don't see any dust."

"No, I suppose not; but I can."

"Well, when you're through, let's take a little trip across the river. The air is clean and cool out there, and Jennie will enjoy digging in the sand."

"Well, I—"

"I promised your father to help you. You look tired. An out will do you good. I've a lot to tell you, and you've a lot to tell me. It will be pleasanter to talk out there."

She had seated herself on the piano stool, and now she looked at the young man across the room, debating within herself whether or not to go. It took but a moment to decide, however.

"It's good of you. Yes; I'll go."

Half an hour later Paul, Edith, and the delighted Jennie were on the ferry boat crossing the big Mersey river. The wind came cool from the sea, sweeping the smoke of the city inland. They landed at New Brighton Pier. The tide went out, and the clear, firm sand lay in great banks along the shore. Jennie soon became busy with bucket and spade, while Edith and Paul sat on one of the nearby seats watching her.

They looked not only at the playing child, but out at the river, alive with craft of all kinds: the small sail boat, tacking back and forth up the river; fishing smacks coming in from the Irish sea; the ferry-boats loaded with passengers, and serving as movable bridges between the busy cities on either side; the little low-lying tug boats with hawser attached to a string of coal-laden barges; another puffing tug, bringing in a big sailing ship, perhaps laden with a cargo from the antipodes; big tramp steamers, carrying freight to and from all parts of the world; the palatial ocean gray-hound, slowly but majestically gliding down the river

into the sea, which it will cross in a week and disembark its passengers on the American shore. From the river they look out to the open sea and sky, dotted with sails and streaked with smoke. The lighthouse stands high on the uncovered rocks, and children are wading in the pools of water left by the receding waves. The grim port lies watching at the mouth of the river. The eye lingers on sea and sky, on such a day as this, not landward on houses or green fields or forests beyond.

"The sailor must lead a free, open life," remarked Edith.

"You think so because you look at it from a distance," he replied. "Your viewpoint is from the land. It is dreary and hard enough to be that fisherman on yonder smack, or the sailors on that big schooner, not to mention the slaves in the stoke-hole of an ocean liner."

Paul told her of his voyaging for the past year, and she spoke of her hard experiences at home. Not once did either of them mention that which had caused their last quarrel—there might never have been a quarrel between them, it was so completely hidden. They both seemed glad enough to forget any unpleasantness of the past in the enjoyment of the present. He told some merry jokes, and she laughed roses into her cheeks. Jennie played until she became hungry, and then they opened the basket and partook of an appetizing luncheon.

On the way home, she asked him to eat Sunday dinner with them.

"You don't go to church?" he enquired.

"No; I haven't been for six months."

"I ought to run home and see mother, but—"

"Go see your mother," she interrupted; "you can visit with other people when you no longer have a mother. Come and see us when you return."

"May I, Edith?"

"Why, certainly. Come at any time. You're welcome."

A seaman on land is usually his own master. Paul Weldon was in no hurry to ship on a long voyage that summer; in fact, he was seriously thinking of quitting the sea for good. Edith's work at the shop was not confining, so she had a good many afternoons off, which were usually spent with Jennie and Paul on the river,

or on the sands, or in the parks. Every Sunday morning the two sisters went to the cemetery, and spent the morning in caring for their two graves.

The second Sunday after his return, Paul went with them. It was a beautiful morning, and the tram-car ride to the suburbs and then the walk out between the fields to the grave yard were delightful. Jennie was talkative, but Edith was silent. She never performed this weekly duty unaccompanied with serious thoughts. There were the two mounds—the one under which all that was earthly of her mother lay, and the little one, covering the remains of the tiny brother who had died without baptism. The uncertainty of his fate had grieved her very much. The minister had hinted that the babe was lost, and whenever that thought came to her, her heart sank like lead, the beauty of field and flower vanished, and her soul seemed to harden; and such a feeling at the graves of loved ones, was indeed to be in misery.

"Edith," asked Paul that morning, "why do you never go to church?"

"Because I do not believe in the preacher, or what he says."

"I suppose you mean the Presbyterian minister that your mother worshipped with?"

"Yes."

"Well, there are others. You might find some that would please you."

"No; I have tried a good many. They are all very much alike. Would you advise me to try yours? Everbody's religion and preachers, like everybody's children, are the best."

Paul laughed. "I fear you would not fancy *my* minister," he said.

"Why not?"

"Well, he is only a boy, not so old as I am; he can't preach; he doesn't know much scripture, and he makes a good many grammatical and other errors when he talks."

The young woman looked at Paul as if he were trying a joke on her.

"It's a fact," he continued; "but for all that he knows more gospel truth than many a highly educated minister."

"Perhaps; I shall not deny that; but let's not talk about religion today; we might get into another discussion. . . . The graves look fresh, don't they, after the rain?"

Paul and Edith were much together during the summer. He had loved the girl for years, and he had told her of it a number of times in the past. Since his return he had not spoken to her of his love, but he had shown by every action towards her that he still felt the same; and she appeared to feel more kindly towards him. He had tried a number of times to talk to her about that which lay so near his heart, but each time she had evaded the subject; she was getting somewhat of a puzzle to the young man.

One Sunday evening, towards the close of the summer, they were alone. Jennie had gone to bed, and the weather did not permit of a walk. They were sitting by the table, one on each side of the lighted lamp, she turning over the leaves of a magazine, and he doing nothing at all but looking at her. The conversation had been somewhat halting, and then there had been a long pause.

"Edith," he began, "you must listen to me tonight. You know I love you, have never ceased loving you; but I don't understand you. Sometimes you act as if you thought a little of me, and then again you seem not to care."

"I do care for you, Paul."

"Not enough to marry me, I fear."

"I'm not going to marry."

"Edith, don't say that! You can't mean that!"

"I do mean it." She ceased playing with the magazine, and looked directly at him across the table.

"I don't understand. You have given me encouragement, haven't you?"

"Yes, I suppose I have; and I will say this, Paul, I shall marry you, if I ever marry at all; but I have made up my mind not to get married. I suppose I have been wrong in encouraging you, but I couldn't bear to treat you other than kindly, because—you see—I do think a lot of you; and you have been very good to me and Jennie."

He looked dumbly at her.

"You don't understand. No, of course not; but I'll tell you—

that is no more than right. . . . When mother died, she left a little baby. I cared for it until it, too, died—in about two weeks. Mother, before she went, asked me to see that it was properly baptized, but I, in my worry and care, forgot to do it. The night before it died, I went in a hurry to mother's minister and asked him to come and baptize the child. He came in the morning, when it was too late. And then he intimated to me that, because of my neglect, the poor, innocent thing had not gone to its mother in heaven, but that it was among the lost!"

"But, Edith—"

"Wait, listen. I spoke impatiently to him; I could not help it. My heart hardened against him and his religion. After the little thing had been laid beside its mother, I thought much on what the minister had said—got out my catechism and read what it said there—and, oh, it said it plainer than the preacher did! 'Elect infants, dying in infancy, are saved;' which implies that some infants are not elect and, therefore, not saved. I read also that punishment for sin in the next world is 'everlasting separation from God, and most grievous torments in hell-fire forever'—and my baby might be suffering that! Paul, it seems as though I was its mother, and I loved it very dearly. The next time the minister called on us, which was a few days after the funeral, I told him that if my baby had gone to hell, I wanted to go there, too. It was wicked of me, I know, but I couldn't help it. I felt like that, then, and I feel like that yet."

"And so do I, Edith."

She did not notice what he said, but continued in a hard voice:

"I made up my mind then and there that I would have nothing more to do with ministers and religion. I won't say but there is some good in them, but I have suffered so—"

"Such doctrine is all wrong, Edith. Surely you do not believe that your babe is in hell?"

"No; but the books teach that it might be possible. And I have been taught it; but I don't know—I don't know!"

"Edith, what's that got to do with your loving me, and your marrying me?"

"Much, Paul, much. Can't you see?"

"No; I can't see, Edith." He arose and went around to her chair. The tears were flowing unhindered down her cheeks. "I love you, and want you," he said tenderly.

"Don't!" she sobbed. "I can't—I mustn't marry you!" She pushed him gently away, and he went back again to his seat. He was silent.

"I'll be plain with you," she went on presently. "If we should get married, we may—we very likely would, have children. Who is to assure me that they will be Elect children? They may be predestined to hell-fire forever, and I would be the mother who would bring them to such a fate. No; Paul, never, never!"

She breathed hard for a few minutes and then bowed her face on her hands as she sobbed. Paul went to the window, and then back to the table, stopping again at her chair. He placed his hand on her bowed head. After a time she controlled herself, and smiled faintly up at him.

"Listen to me," he pleaded. "I'll go over here and talk to you across the table."

"All right, I'll listen."

"I have said very little to you about my religion since I came back, Edith, because I remember what took place a year ago; but, my dear girl, I tell you most solemnly that your babe is not among the lost. It is saved in the kingdom of God, for Jesus said 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Your Westminster Confession and your catechism are mistaken. Let me read to you what the Lord says about infants." He took from his pocket a book, and turning over its leaves for a moment he read:

" . . . Little children need no repentance, neither baptism. Behold, baptism is unto repentance, to the fulfilling of the commandments unto the remission of sins.

" 'But little children are alive in Christ, even from the foundation of the world.

" 'Little children cannot repent, wherefore it is awful wickedness to deny the pure mercies of God unto them, for they are all alive in him because of his mercies.' "

"Where is that found?" she asked.

"That is from the Book of Mormon."

"Is that the book you spoke to me about?"

"Yes; and listen—"

She looked at him across the table as he talked. His eyes glowed and his earnest words rang true. He spoke of God's love for all mankind in providing a Redeemer who had atoned for the sins of the world; how this atoning grace was given to all unaccountable beings freely and without conditions on their part; how repentance and baptism applied only to those capable of discerning between right and wrong; how that infants, although born into a world of sin, were yet innocent, and, therefore, members of God's great heavenly kingdom. The young woman asked Paul many questions, all of which he answered fully and carefully, quoting passages from the Bible to prove his statements. As he talked, the shadows which seemed always to lurk in her face, began to disappear. Darkness vanished before the rising sun, and her soul arose from a region of gloom and despair into one of light and gladness.

Time sped, and it was midnight before they were aware of it.

"You are quite a preacher," she remarked, when the subject seemed exhausted. "Where did you learn all that?"

"From my books and the inspiration of the Lord to me. I have had both with me on my sailing around the world—but you don't like preachers, and here I have been—"

"Oh, but I'll acknowledge that there *is* a difference in preachers. Is what you have been telling me 'Mormonism?'"

"Yes; but that is just one of the precious pearls from its endless chain of truth."

"Well," said she, with more genuine happiness expressed in her words than he had heard for a long time, "If that's true, I—I—with you for the preacher—wouldn't mind being a 'Mormon' myself."

And then he went around once more to her side of the table.

What Shall We Do With Our Boys?

BY ELDER JOSEPH E. TAYLOR.

Why is this question so often asked, and by whom? Is it by the parents of the youth of Zion? If so, they are the ones who should be prepared to answer the question in its entirety—being, in the main, if not solely, responsible as far as a proper teaching and training of their sons is concerned.

I was asked the question, the other day, “Is there any revelation giving instructions that are particularly applicable to our youth during the adolescent period?”

I answered: Special instructions have been given to parents in regard to their children. No age has been specified, except that which relates to their baptism. The other revelations apply to all individuals who are accountable, in their separate and distinct spheres.

The relation of parents and children, those who have been born in the new and everlasting covenant, is an eternal one; and no son thus born must ever consider himself as freed from the responsibility of paying that respect and reverence, as well as performing that filial duty which is demanded of him in that relationship.

To illustrate: The burden of the Savior’s utterances while in mortality was the name, “My Father,” honoring and recognizing him along every line, extolling him at every point, declaring, “I come not to do my own will, but the will of him who sent me.” And although, as Isaiah and John the Revelator said of him, he had “trodden the wine press alone,” in accordance with the Father’s will, and secured a victory so complete as to be able to present to the Father a redeemed and glorified earth and people—yet that Son took no honor to himself. On the contrary, as Paul says, “Then

shall the Son, also, himself be subject unto him, [the Father] that God may be all in all.''

Therein is exhibited the very acme of filiation, setting thereby such a noble example, that, if followed, will redound to the honor of every son of a noble sire. The Father in return, after having received a redeemed earth and people from his obedient Son, now gives them back to him and crowns him "King of kings and Lord of lords."

In treating upon the responsibility of parents, it may be well to commence with the mother; for to her belongs the duty of teaching and instructing the babe—the child. President Brigham Young covered the ground in a discourse delivered by him in April, 1852. He said:

Education commences with the mother and child in connection—before it is born. It depends mainly upon the mother as to what children receive in early age, of principle of every description. I will tell you the truth, as you will find it in eternity.

If your children do not receive impressions of true piety, virtue, and every principle of the holy gospel, you may be assured that their sins will not be required at the hands of the father—but the mother.* What is imbibed in infancy is the most lasting upon the mind through life. The early impressions that she gives the child, will be the characteristic points in his character through every avenue of his mortal existence. If mothers will take proper pains, they can instil into the hearts of their children what they please.

The pride which a mother takes in clothing her children properly is a pardonable one. But this is merely outward adornment, and too often viewed as all-sufficient. But what about the spirits that inhabit their bodies, the training of which she has been entrusted with? These came from God, and will go back to him with a history of their treatment while in mortality.

A father has a separate responsibility, as well as that in common with the mother. He should, to the extent of his ability, provide them with an education, associated with an influence of a

* We think the intent of this remark would be better expressed, perhaps, in these words: "Their sins will not be required at the hands of the father alone, but of the mother also, and it may be mainly."—EDITOR.

gospel character, to qualify them for their future, be it along the lines of literature, mechanism, science, art, or otherwise, suited if possible, to the capacity and natural endowment of each child. To see that the home is supplied with a class of literature—besides that which is sacred—the tendency of which is essentially elevating. To choose for their companions, among those of their own sex, those who are not only moral and intellectual, but spiritual withal. We should also provide legitimate and consistent amusements, to fill a want which every child desires to have gratified.

It is imperative that every father should set an example of righteous conduct, thus giving strength and power to every verbal instruction along religious lines. In short, he should exhibit such love and affection that will bind the child to parent and home.

With your duty thus faithfully discharged, let one or more of your sons wilfully break loose from these moorings and wander away, he then becomes wholly responsible, and in due time, like the scriptural prodigal, he will humbly return to the family hearthstone and receive forgiveness—the key of which every faithful father holds, and can turn for his son's salvation.

The prophet Joseph said, concerning children born under the covenant, "When a seal is set upon the father and the mother, it secures their posterity so that they cannot be lost, but will be saved by virtue of the covenant of their father and mother."

It would be cruel in the extreme to lay a son's imprudence and wrong-doing at the door of a faithful parent. As well might we make our Heavenly Father responsible for the iniquity of the "Son of the Morning;" or our Prophet Joseph responsible for the lack of faith and persistent opposition exhibited in the conduct of his sons. A just judgment comes from God alone.

In conclusion, let me say the most potent influence that can be brought to bear upon our sons is that which originates in the home. The auxiliary organizations are important factors, which we consider indispensable, and are strong supporters of the home.

Let this labor of love be commenced and continued around the family hearth, which will be met with a heart and soul response by our covenant born sons, thus solving fully and entirely the problem, "What shall we do with our boys?"

The Creation of the Earth.

BY FREDERICK J. PACK, A. M., PH. D., DESERET PROFESSOR OF
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II.

The following brief outline is intended only as a synopsis of the essential features of the principal hypotheses of earth origin. Lack of space has necessarily crowded out all detailed explanation, and in some cases even generalities are omitted. In most instances the bare conditions only are given, with little or no attempt to present the reasons therefor. It, of course, will be borne in mind that these hypotheses are not the result of idle minds. They have been worked out only through years of careful and intense application. Every feature presented has been bolstered up by careful deduction and wherever possible by observation. Hypotheses, of course, are not laws. Time only can prove whether they are true or untrue. They constitute the indispensable scaffold work used by the builders in constructing the great storehouse of scientific knowledge.

HYPOTHESES OF EARTH ORIGIN.—THE LAPLACIAN OR “NEBULAR” HYPOTHESIS.

The first definitely stated hypothesis of earth origin was that postulated by Laplace, near the beginning of the last century. It assumes that the matter now comprising the solar system was once in an extremely heated, gaseous condition, and in the form of a vast spheroid, extending beyond the present limits of Neptune, our most remote known planet. It is further assumed that this enormous mass was rotating in the same direction as the present

system. The origin of this mass was not postulated by Laplace, but has since been referred to the collision of pre-existing celestial bodies. The extreme tenuity or rarity of the material comprising this great spheroid is worthy of note. It will be recalled that Neptune is practically 2,775,000,000 miles distant from the sun, which means that the original spheroid would have a diameter of 5,550,000,000 miles. If the matter comprising our solar system were expanded into a mass of this size, the average density of the material would be but a small fraction of a millionth of the density of our atmosphere at the earth's surface. Professor Moulton has calculated the average density of the mass, when expanded to the orbit of Neptune, to be 1-240,000,000 of the average air at the surface of the earth.

The hypothesis further holds that the gradual loss of heat by radiation resulted in contraction. According to certain definitely known laws of dynamics this shrinking would result directly in an increased rotation of the mass. It appears that a balance would soon be reached when there would be no further shrinkage in the equatorial portion. The polar regions, however, in which the centrifugal force (a) approaches zero, but in which the centripital force remains practically constant, would continue to contract, and thus the spheroidal mass would *draw away* from the equatorial portion, forming a ring resembling, perhaps, those of Saturn.

(a) The centrifugal force is well shown in the throwing of water from a rotating wheel, and in the "pull" exerted by a mass attached to a string, and revolved at a considerable velocity. The force necessary to restrain the mass from flying off at a tangent is termed the centripital force.

This hypothesis assumes that the parent mass continued to cool and contract until additional rings, equalling in number the present planets, were left behind. It further assumes that the sun now constitutes the shrunken remnant of the original spheroid, after the various planetary rings had been formed.

It is further held that as these rings cooled, they parted at their weakest points and each collected into a hot, gaseous spheroid, not unlike the parent mass, and that these in turn, through cooling and shrinkage, gave rise to rings which evolved into the satellites of our present planets.

With respect to our own planet, it is believed that the material now comprising it and its satellite, the moon, was separated from the original spheroid at a somewhat late stage in the formation of rings, the chronological order supposedly having been Neptune, Uranus, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, *Earth*, Venus and Mercury. It is assumed that the earth-moon ring also collected into a hot, gaseous spheroid, which in turn gave rise to a ring now condensed into the moon. It was held by the original Laplacian hypothesis that the material comprising the earth, even after the separation of the moon ring, was in an exceedingly hot, gaseous condition. This continued to cool and to shrink, passing first through a liquid, and finally into its present state.

It is postulated that the initiation of solidification began on the surface, which early resulted in the formation of a "crust" overlying a highly-heated liquid interior. At this stage a hot, gaseous atmosphere is supposed to have existed. As the result of further cooling it is assumed that the "crust" thickened, and that the heavier constituents of the atmosphere condensed and added to the outer portions of the earth. This condition of a highly heated interior is believed by the adherents of the hypothesis to have persisted to the present time, and in support of this belief they point to the enormous quantities of liquid lava ejected through volcanic openings.

By way of summary the following stages may be noted: A highly heated, rotating, gaseous nebula, spheroidal in form, and extending beyond the present orbit of Neptune; cooling accompanied by contraction, resulting in an increased rotation; cessation of contraction in equatorial portion, but continued contraction in polar portion, resulting in the separation of a ring at the equator; continued cooling and shrinkage, resulting in the formation of rings equal in number to that of our planets; the breaking of the rings at places of least resistance, each forming a gaseous spheroidal planet, somewhat resembling the parent nebula; cooling and contraction of planets, forming the satellite rings, which in turn broke and formed the satellites or moons; cooling of the planet with the appearance of the original solid crust, and accompanied by a highly heated gaseous atmosphere; continued cooling, resulting in the present condition of a supposed liquid interior enveloped by a

solid "crust," with contemporaneous modification of the atmosphere.

Serious doubts have recently arisen concerning several of the more or less important features of this hypothesis. It is, for instance, no longer held that the earth is a liquid mass enveloped in a comparatively thin but solid crust. On the contrary, the earth acts in almost every way very much like an extremely rigid mass. Latest developments, however, in seismological observations, especially in the transmission of earthquake waves, lead to the belief that there may be some small portions of the earth's interior in a plastic or viscous condition, but it is by no means believed that the interior is wholly liquid, as originally postulated by the nebular hypothesis. Grave doubts have also recently been cast upon several of the mechanical features of the hypothesis. It should be said, however, that many men of science still hold this hypothesis in some form or other, usually, however, very much modified.

THE METEORIC HYPOTHESIS.

It is a matter of common observation that fragments of metallic and stony matter enter the upper atmosphere nightly in great numbers, and that they occasionally reach the surface of the earth in solid form. This naturally gave rise to the suggestion that the earth may have arisen through the accumulation of meteoric particles. There appears, however, to be very little foundation for belief in the meteoric hypothesis in this form.

Lockyear and George H. Darwin have presented some scholarly ideas pointing to a belief in the origin of the solar system from meteoric sources. But as the methods of accumulation do not materially differ from those outlined in the Laplacian hypothesis, we shall not go into further detail. It should, perhaps, be stated that the meteoric hypothesis, even in its best form, is not generally held by scientists.

THE PLANETESIMAL HYPOTHESIS.

The latest addition to our knowledge of earth origin is that embodied in the planetesimal hypothesis as announced by Chamberlain and Moulton. Research, extending over a period of many

years, has convinced Chamberlain that the Laplacian hypothesis is seriously at fault, especially with respect to the mechanical way in which the solar system was evolved. Several other differences will also appear as the new hypothesis is outlined. For a full discussion of this work the reader is referred to Vol. II of *Chamberlain and Salisbury's Geology*, 1906.

The authors of the new hypothesis find through astronomical observation that the prevailing type of nebula is spiral in form, and not spheroidal as assumed by Laplace. It is further observed that these spiral forms are composed of thinly attenuated nebulous material, interspersed here and there with denser portions called knobs, the nucleus or central knob being the largest. Revolution takes place around this central mass.

The planetesimal hypothesis postulates that the solar system was originally in the form of one of these spiral nebulae, and that the planets now occupy the positions of the original knobs. It further holds that the material comprising the nebula was in a cold, discrete condition, and that the accumulation of the material around these knobs took place by "overtake" rather than by "collision." The velocity of the nebulous particles appears to be such that if they were to collide they would be volatilized at once through the force of the impact. By means of overtake, the velocity of impact would be greatly reduced, and, therefore, accumulation made possible. The increase in size of the nuclei, or knobs, would be accompanied by an increase in temperature. This would be the result of two factors: firstly, the impact of incoming particles, and secondly, compression immediately attendant upon increase in size. It is worthy of note here that the Laplacian and the Planetesimal hypotheses differ materially with respect to temperature changes. The former holds to a constantly decreasing temperature, while the latter postulates an increasing temperature, contemporaneous with the planetary evolution.

In a few words, then, it may be stated that the Planetesimal hypothesis assumes that the solar system was originally in the form of a great spiral nebula, that the accumulation of cold nebulous material around the nuclei gave rise to the planets, that the planets increased in temperature with size, and that they now revolve in the orbits originally marked out by the spiral knobs.

The satellites are explained to be the result of independent accumulation around nuclei subsidiary to the planets to which they belong.

* * * * *

Some further interesting differences in the two principal hypotheses may be pointed out. It has already been seen that they differ materially as to the temperature at various stages of planetary evolution. The Laplacian hypothesis originally held to a liquid interior, enveloped in a solidified portion called the crust. This, as already noted, would be impossible according to the Planetesimal hypothesis. It is not, however, out of harmony with the latter view to hold that the interior of the earth is highly heated, in fact, this is now practically a demonstrated fact.

According to Laplace's hypothesis, the atmosphere has from the beginning formed a covering for the inner and more solid particles. Its composition has changed very materially through the various stages of planetary evolution, and is now composed of the final unconsolidated residuum. Chamberlain believes that the constituents of the atmosphere were originally included in the earth-stuff, and have subsequently been forced to the surface through the rise in temperature. Laplace's views would hold to a constantly decreasing atmosphere, and Chamberlain's to an increasing one.

The Laplacian hypothesis derives the ocean water, or hydrosphere, through precipitation from the atmosphere, while the Planetesimal hypothesis holds that all surface water has come from the interior, primarily forced out by the increasing pressure and temperature. The most recent investigation along this line seems to support Chamberlain rather than Laplace.

* * * * *

From the foregoing statement of differences it may be thought that the two hypotheses are almost at complete variance. This, however, is not the case. They both derive the solar system from a parent nebula, which in turn, both agree, may have been derived through the collision or close approach of previously existing celestial bodies. They both postulate the rapid movement of matter, especially during the early stages of planetary evolution.

They both hold to the appearance of the oceanic bodies at a rather late stage in the formation of the planetary masses. And they both held that the interior of the earth is much more highly heated than is the surface.

The differences, therefore, are largely matters of detail in methods of accumulation. The bearing of many of the facts upon the subject of the Creation of the Earth will be emphasized in the following article.

The Cry of Dolores.

[Written for the IMPROVEMENT ERA by Mary S. Farnsworth, in honor of Mexico's Centennial day, September 16, 1910.]

With joy we meet to bless the day,
That heard Dolores' cry;
And marks the century passed away
That flung truth's pennon high.
To honor those who nobly bled
In freedom's glorious cause,
With brave Hidalgo at their head,
To crush a tyrant's laws.

Three centuries 'neath a foreign power,
In bondage worse than death,
Induced brave souls at that sad hour
To seek sweet freedom's breath,
By casting off the tyrant's yoke,
So long and meekly borne,
Whose galling bonds, like thongs of oak,
Their quivering flesh had torn.

Their precious blood flowed not in vain,
Which dyed their native sod,
But shadowed forth a glorious reign,
To lift them from the clod.
God bless our Chieftain now in power,
Loved Diaz, brave and true,
O lengthen out his mortal hour!
His health and strength renew.

Give knowledge, wisdom, gift and grace,
 Supply his every need,
 Until the end of life's grand race,
 Our Savior's lambs to feed.
 In every noble, val'rous deed,
 Let patriot souls rejoice,
 Released from faction, myth and creed,
 To make God's Truth their choice.

For soon the promised day will come,
 When time shall be no more,
 Each soul called hence to Father's home
 On heaven's shining shore,
 To meet a judgment wise and just,
 Immortal hearts to thrill,
 As we have spurned God's holy trust,
 Or wrought his righteous will.

COL. DIAZ, MEXICO.

Pray.

(For the Improvement Era.)

"Pray, my darling, God will hear you;
 You are his beloved child,"
 Holy angels ever near you
 Sweetly say in accents mild.

Pray, O youth! 'tis his commandment
 That his children come to him;
 Without prayer the soul must languish,
 And the eye of faith grow dim.

He who spake as man ne'er speaketh—
 Said, "pray always, flock of mine;
 Lest ye fall into temptation
 Ye must seek for power divine."

Wheresoe'er on earth you wander,
 You're a subject of his care;
 Yet, you'll feel your claim the greater
 When you bow in humble prayer.

MARY A. FREEZE.

Editor's Table.

Habit and Duty.

A speaker called attention recently, at a priesthood meeting, to a boy who was called up by his teacher. She told him she was going to tie him up with a spool of thread, and the boy laughed at the idea of a little, weak woman tying him with a spool of thread. She had him put his thumbs up; they were crossed at the joints, and she began to wind the thread around them. She twisted the thread around, and around, and around again, until it had formed a band so strong that he could not move his thumbs; he was bound by this little string of thread. After a while she said, "Let's see you break loose." He was powerless; he could not move his thumbs; he was fastened as securely as if with iron bands. So it is with habit. It is a duty to form good habits, and a sin to form bad habits.

President Joseph F. Smith followed the first speaker. On this subject of habit and duty he said:

"The force of habit, the strength of the little thread of habit, becomes wound around and around our lives, until we are bound by the weakest little thing in the world, to begin with; but by constant winding, constant using, constantly yielding to the habit of doing a thing, it is made obligatory upon us, and we cannot extricate ourselves from it.

"I thought the remarks of the first speaker a very nice illustration, and want to say to you boys, if you will habituate yourselves to doing right, habituate yourselves to shunning evil, to turning away from temptation, and make it a habit of your lives to refuse to say ugly things, to refuse to associate with bad boys, to refuse to use bad words, to refuse to do anything that would grieve your father or your mother, or

that would bring shame or confusion to yourselves—if you will do that, it will become, not just like the thread of bad habit, but nevertheless the effect of it will be the same, only for good. It will become like the thread of good habit. You will be so wrapped up, and so bound up, in the habit to do good, that no temptation or power of the wicked one can become sufficiently strong to turn you away from that which is right, and pleasing and acceptable in the sight of the Lord.

“I want to say another thing to you, boys. The holy priesthood has been conferred upon you. Now, do you realize what the result will be if you do not honor it? Will you remember that the Lord has said, “Where much is given, much will be required?” And where men receive much and are unfaithful, that they shall be beaten with many stripes? Do you remember this scripture?

“I want to say to you, boys, that unless you do your duty, having been called to the lesser priesthood, unless you magnify it, and honor it, and listen to good counsel, it will not be a pleasing thing, not an honor, not a reward of good behavior and merit to you, but it will be a means of condemnation, and eventually of sorrow, and perhaps darkness and apostasy.”

What is a Boy Worth?

A PRIZE OF \$20 IS OFFERED FOR THE BEST ANSWER.

Bishop Roscoe W. Eardley, of the Liberty Stake of Zion, recently sent to a number of the leading brethren and sisters of his ward and stake the following letter, asking that they give an answer thereto in order that he might better understand their feelings in regard to the youth in their care. The superintendents of the Sunday schools, the Primary, and the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement associations were asked to give written answers to the letter.

In order that the idea may be made more universal, the IMPROVEMENT ERA offers a prize of twenty dollars for the best answer to the questions asked in the letter. This is open to any one, and answers are particularly wanted from those who have charge of the youth, in the Priesthood quorums, Sunday schools,

Mutual Improvement associations, Primary associations, and Religion classes. The replies that we ask for, and which should be sent to the IMPROVEMENT ERA, No. 20 Bishops' Building, no later than November 15, 1910, should contain not more than one thousand words. The writer of the best article will be awarded twenty dollars. All the papers will belong to the ERA, and a number of the best will be printed. The letter follows:

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, Aug. 22, 1910.

DEAR FROTHER: What is a boy worth? What is a good boy worth? A wayward one? How can you get the full value out of the boy?

If you had a boy and some good neighbor spoke a kind word to him, that kept him in the right road, or if he had struck an open switch and a helping hand was reached out that drew him back to the main line, how would you feel towards that neighbor?

If you had a neighbor who said of your boy, "Am I my brother's keeper?" or who crossed to the other side of the road, as did the Levite on his way to Jericho, when he saw your boy down, naked, bruised and bleeding, what would you think of that neighbor?

We talked about boys yesterday morning in our bishop's meeting, and we want to talk about boys next Thursday evening in our teachers' meeting. That all may be interested, we suggest that if any of the districts have not been visited this month, they be visited between now and Thursday, and at least the name and age of every boy on every "beat" be learned. Let's be prompt at 7:45.

Sincerely your brother in the Gospel.

Close of Volume Thirteen.

This number closes volume thirteen of the IMPROVEMENT ERA. The editors and managers are thankful to the writers who have made this volume one of the most interesting and valuable in the history of the magazine. Numerous letters from the elders abroad, and young men in all parts of the Church at home, have expressed their appreciation of the help the ERA has been to them, in that it has been a medium through which they have received valuable instructions in a general way, and specifically pertaining to their work in the Priesthood quorums, in the Mutual

Improvement associations, and in the traveling and preaching of the gospel abroad.

None the less grateful are we all to the officers of the Y. M. M. I. A., ably supported by the presidents of stakes, bishops of wards, and the priesthood generally, whose loyalty and energetic labors gave this volume now closing such a wide circulation that the general superintendency and the board of aids were enabled to add sixteen pages of reading to every number of the magazine. Through this means not only more but a greater variety of matter was insured, and subscribers have not only received what was promised, but much more, a characteristic of the ERA from the very first.

Now, let us unitedly put forth every effort to circulate the new volume beginning in November, as extensively as the present one, and to bend every energy to make it merit the patronage and support of every lover of good literature. The prospectus in this number sets forth some of the attractive features for the new volume, which we believe will appeal to all lovers of good reading, and an up-to-date magazine. The IMPROVEMENT ERA is sent free to missionaries, which is a consideration for every subscriber interested in the spread of the gospel, for by this means he becomes an active agent in one of the grandest causes of the Church—the promulgation of the gospel message to the world. And at the same time he receives full value personally in the magazine itself for his investment.

A manual—either senior or junior—is given free with each subscription as usual. These books in themselves are valuable and attractive reading for the home. The senior manual, a book of one hundred and eight pages, deals with economics as related to good citizenship, and the junior (one hundred and sixteen pages) is a book of anecdotes and stories on the development of character, especially suitable for young people.

We invite every reader of the present volume to renew his subscription now, feeling assured that he will be pleased with what we have to offer in the new volume. We feel confident that a careful reading of each number will give delight and instruction to all, and create a genuine sense of enthusiasm for priesthood, missionary, and Mutual work. It is with gratitude to the

Lord for the success of the past that we pen these closing words in volume thirteen; and with hopeful anticipations for the future, we appeal to the priesthood and the officers of the Y. M. M. I. A. to prove loyal to the new volume fourteen.

Death of Bathsheba Wilson Smith.

Bathsheba Wilson Smith, president of the Relief Societies of the Church in all the world, and widow of George Albert Smith, who was counselor to Brigham Young and a cousin to Joseph Smith the prophet, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Clarence Merrill, in Salt Lake City, September 20, 1910. She was born at Shinnston, Harrison county, West Virginia, May 3, 1822, and was the daughter of Mark Bigler and Susannah Ogden. She was a member of the first Relief Society organized by the Prophet Joseph in Nauvoo, March 17, 1842, since which time she has been prominently connected in various capacities with that splendid organization. On October 3, 1901, she was chosen president of the societies in all the world, and the general conference of the Church ratified the choice November 10, of that year. She continued to act in that office until death. She was a loveable, true and faithful character, and a prominent worker in the temple for many years. Always, her life was devoted to the mission of the Church and the cause of God.

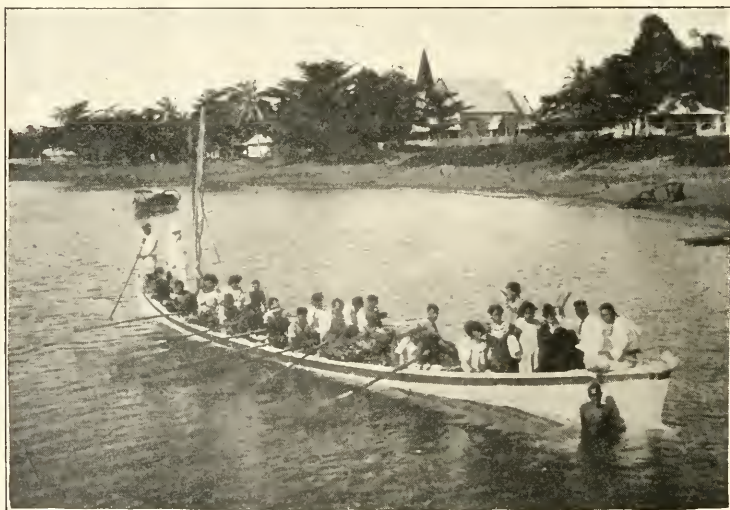
Messages from the Missions.

Elder W. E. Tangreen gives a report of the methods of conducting mission labors in Savaii. Samoa. His letter reached the ERA July 29, and he states that about a year ago Elders L. L. Gardner and J. T. Blake established the Falelima school, and began the labor of allaying the strong prejudice against the Latter-day Saints mission, so general throughout the island of Savaii. Teachers of other denominations were working eagerly to poison the minds of the people with untruthful stories concerning the Church. One of these untruthful reports was that the L. D. S. mission had gained the governor's disfavor and was

about to be driven from Samoa. Under these conditions, the natives would scarcely have courage to join our ranks, even though converted to our doctrine, neither would they show an interest in us, lest they bring the reproach of the community upon them, as the Samoan is greatly influenced by old customs and traditions. Strange to say, through the craft of sectarian ministers, many communities in that region have been led into making an oath to God that their families would join no other church. If any one breaks this oath, he is liable to be disfellowshipped or driven from the village, unless he has enough adherents to make him safe in the establishment of a branch of the Church. This holds in darkness many an honest soul who would gladly accept the gospel, but has not courage to leave for it father, mother, inheritance and worldly prestige.

Elder Tangreen continues:

"Elder D. C. McBride, president of the Savaii conference, attended the April conference at Upolu and reported the labors of the Savaii elders and Saints. He explained that there was a growing sentiment in favor of 'Mormonism,' and that it needed only a little work in some villages to give them prestige enough to establish a branch of the Church. Many prospective converts were waiting to see some of the fruits of our labors on Upolu and Tutuila, and to get an assurance that the Latter-day Saints' mission is permanent.



ELDERS AND SAMOAN SAINTS WITH THE L. D. S. MISSION BOAT.

"The Sauniata Amusement Club, composed of young folks who have studied in the Church schools, had just given a very impressive entertainment before the conference gathering. It had convinced all present that 'Mormonism' is alive and growing.

"President William A. Moody called about twenty of the best singers and actors to accompany him in a tour of Savaii. The writer was also privileged to join the party. It was planned to hold meetings and give an entertainment in a number of the most favorable villages.

"With a party of about twenty eight in number, we set out in a row-boat from Apia, the capital and chief seaport of German Samoa, and landed at Lalomalava, Savaii. There, five converts were baptized and a branch was established, in the midst of a bitter community. A native missionary from our party was appointed to preside over the new flock.

"Word spread quickly throughout the island that the Latter-day Saints' school choir was traveling with a program. Their fame went before them, and people were anxious to receive the party. Invitations were received from many villages to visit them, but the limited time would not permit the acceptance of all. We had but twenty-five days to complete the trip, so it was necessary to stop only in villages where the most effective work could be done.

"After several days of very effective work, the party reached Falelima, the largest of the three Savaii branches. There we spent two days. Four meetings were held, one of which was at the water's edge, where three were baptized. With a growing interest in the gospel, and a progressive school taught by Elders J. T. Blake and M. I. Bird, Falelima bids fair to become a very thrifty branch. Near the end of the journey we called at Si 'Ufaga, where Elders E. P. Christensen and E. D. Hickman are in charge of the branch and school.

"During the twenty-five days spent in circling Savaii, twenty-two meetings were held, and the program was given in sixteen villages. In almost every instance a large and appreciative audience was in attendance. A few villages, however, seemed cool in their reception of the party, but after spending a night and the greater part of a day with each of them, we parted with a feeling of friendship. There is now a standing invitation, in most of the visited villages, for elders to call. Conference President D. C. McBride feels elated over the party's success. He has bright hopes for the future. Many new homes have been opened to the elders, and much prejudice allayed. People have come to know that the Latter-day Saints' mission is alive and growing. The demonstration made by the choir added greatly to the ever-growing fame of the mission school. It also added ten or twelve to its enrollment.

"One of the many pleasant experiences of the journey was a two-days' visit at the Savaii volcano. The great crater has continued active during the past five years, weakening at times, only to break out afresh to flood the surrounding country with a new coat of lava.

"Upon returning to Apia, President Moody was shown a letter written by the governor of German Samoa to a native missionary at Lalomalava, the new branch on Savaii. It was a notification to the missionary to discontinue Latter-day Saint services in that village, until permission was given by all its chiefs. It was easily to be seen that if such ruling remain, there would be little chance of establishing a new branch of the mission in German Samoa. With difficulty President W. A. Moody and Conference President A. Jensen succeeded in getting an interview with his excellency, Governor Solf. At first he seemed bitter, but upon learning something of their purposes, and of the work being done by the mission, he considered their plea for rights. A letter bearing his seal was sent to Lalomalava, to cancel the order of his first letter, and to inform the village chiefs to give the Saints their rights. He also promised not to interfere with our work. Word was received, last week, from Elder D. C. McBride, that another branch of the mission had been established on Savaii, and that others are expected to follow soon. Aided by the guiding hand of the Almighty, we hope the good work will continue."

Concerning the banishment from Berlin, mentioned and commented upon in the September ERA, President Thomas E. McKay reported further to the *Millennial Star* of August 11, as follows:

"At a regular registered Thursday night meeting, held in our hall at Berlin, Landsbergerster 32, there were assembled about three hundred of our members and friends. Among these were about twenty-five Americans, some of whom are students of music, registered in Berlin, others were visiting for the first time, and some were missionaries, who were seeing a few of the larger cities of Germany on their way to the big conference at Rotterdam.

"They were all present at this meeting, especially to hear President Clawson. During the services, and while President Clawson was still speaking, a uniformed officer, followed by a policeman and six or more detectives, walked through the aisles to the speaker's stand, and the officer in a loud, excited tone of voice declared the meeting closed, and ordered all women to leave the hall at once. There would have been some excitement and remonstrance right here, but one of the elders, in a subdued but firm tone of voice, told the officer not to get excited, and also requested the people to leave the hall as quietly and as quickly as

possible. As soon as the women were out, the men of German birth were allowed to go. Then all the Americans, students, tourists and missionaries were escorted in twos to the police station. Here a request was made to get into telephone communication with our ambassador, Dr. Hill. Mr. Andelin, a grand opera singer, also asked the privilege of communicating the news of his whereabouts to his wife and babes. Both requests were denied. The twenty-one Americans were required to give their names, ages, birthplaces, parents' names, home addresses, etc., and then empty their pockets. Their money was carefully counted, and a detailed account of every article written down. All articles were then placed carefully away in large envelopes, and properly named. They were then shown to their sleeping apartments. These consisted of separate cells, about six feet wide and twelve feet long. The beds were clean.

"The next morning at seven, breakfast, consisting of a cup of coffee and a piece of black bread, was served but not eaten. At ten o'clock all were lined up, the roll called, and then marched to a small waiting room, where they were detained until 2:30 o'clock, when, without any hearing whatever, they were each given banishment papers, which allowed three days to leave Prussia. No other reason than 'undesirable foreigners' is given for the banishment.

"The case is now in the hands of our embassy, and will be vigorously protested.

"The intelligent and thinking class of Germans, and the police authorities themselves, are disgusted with such actions, which are brought about almost entirely by a few officers who are used as tools in the hands of so-called Christian ministers—Scribes, Pharisees and Sadducees.

"The desire of the people in Germany for a square deal to all, and especially for religious freedom, is becoming too strong to much longer allow such high-handed discrimination to continue."

Elder Joseph S. Johnson, writing from Thames, New Zealand, July 27, says that the elders are energetic in their labors, and the work of the Lord is progressing steadily in that far-off land, while opposition is gradually dying out. "While we enjoy the many beauties of this southern land, we have not forgotten our mountain homes, and one who sees the beauties of that goodly land cannot help but declare that the hand of the Lord is over his people, and by his aid they will become a power in the earth." Elder Johnson sends a picture of the elders laboring in Thames, and adds: "Two are native elders of New Zealand, who have been called to labor in the ministry in connection with the elders from Zion, and it is with great pride that they perform their labors and testify



ELDERS LABORING IN THAMES, NEW ZEALAND.

Reading from left to right the elders are: (standing) A. E. Burt, Brigham City, Utah; E. T. Kupa, New Zealand. (Sitting) F. E. Thomas, Manassa, Colorado; J. S. Johnson, Collinston, Utah; W. H. Humphreys, Millville, Utah; E. Kamau, New Zealand.

to the divinity of the work that they are engaged in. And it is through their faithfulness to the commandments of God that they are able to bear testimony to the world that the gospel of Christ has been restored to earth, with all the keys and powers necessary to carry on the work for the salvation of the souls of men, and bring about that peace on earth and good will to men, that the gospel will surely bring."

Elder Joseph W. Nuttall, writing from Huntsville, Missouri, September 2, encloses a photograph of the elders laboring there, and says: "Up until June 1, we elders had been working in the eastern half of the state by counties, and doing what good we could. The president decided to change our efforts to campaign work, so that we would be able to accomplish more and come in contact with more people, and also enable us to hold meetings in the cities. On June 12, five of us, who formed Company A, met in Huntsville, where we commenced our work. Other elders met in other counties and formed companies.

Street meetings were held in Huntsville, but the people were prejudiced and paid little heed. The elders traveled through the northern



COMPANY A, MISSOURI CONFERENCE.

Top row, left to right: Clarence N. Parker, Hooper, Utah; Ammon L. Johnson, Barnwell, Canada; Alma Fullmer, Springville, Utah. Bottom row: Joseph E. McKean, Wood's Cross; Joseph W. Nuttall, Provo, Utah.

counties, and were received kindly in most settlements, while in other places the people were hostile, and little good was accomplished. "In our travels we find that the people are becoming more acquainted with us, and the old, bitter prejudice is dying away with the older people. We quite often meet with people who were acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith and with Brigham Young, and they will admit that they had some other power than man's, to enable them to accomplish the work they did, and they wish us God's speed in our good work." While the elders were traveling in the northern part of the state they visited Nauvoo, and were received by the people, who made their visit as pleasant as possible. The old buildings that were occupied by the prophet and early Church leaders are still standing and are occupied. They visited Carthage jail, the scene of the martyrdom. Many of the people asked when the "Mormons" were coming back, and other such questions, and stated that if the Saints had remained there, they believe that Nauvoo would now be as large as Kansas City. In their travels the elders crossed and re-crossed many old "Mormon" trails, and heard many comments on the hardships our people endured in their enforced travels. Elder Nuttall adds: "These things strengthen our faith, cause us to press on in our work, and do all the good we can in bringing the children of men to the truth of the gospel. We enjoy reading the ERA; it is doing a great deal of good in the mission field."

Priesthood Quorums' Table.

Methods of Training Ordained Teachers for the Performance of Practical Duties.—At the Tri-stake Priesthood Convention, Ogden, July 10, James R. Beus, of the Weber stake High Council, spoke as follows:

In dealing with this subject, I think it important that we learn something of the nature of these practical duties. I shall, for convenience, classify a few of them under two general headings—1, General, 2, Specific—and attempt to name and discuss a few that I shall assign to those respective headings.

I.—General: a. To lead a clean, pure, honest, upright life. b. To attend the weekly priesthood meetings. c. To have a profound respect for God and his laws.

II.—Specific:—a. Deacons and teachers should be appointed to watch over the Church, to be standing ministers to the Church (Doc. and Cov. 84: 111). The teacher's duty is to watch over the Church always, and be with and strengthen them, and see that there is no iniquity in the Church, neither hardness with each other, neither lying, backbiting, nor evil speaking, and see that the Church meet together often, and also that all the members do their duty; and he is to take the lead of meetings, in the absence of the elder and the priest, and to be assisted always, in all his duties in the Church, by the deacons, if occasion requires. But neither teachers nor deacons have authority to baptize, administer the sacrament or lay on hands. They are, however, to warn, exhort, teach, and invite all to come to Christ.

In considering these points, I suggest that the data and quorum records be made more complete. I think they should indicate: 1. Attendance. 2. If absent, the reason for such absence. 3. Preparation. 4. Performance of practical duties. 5. His attendance at Sabbath worship.

As to methods of training for the performance of these practical

duties, let us consider them in the order already enumerated in this paper.

1. As to leading a life that is in harmony with the general spirit and requirements of this priesthood: a. Let the young man thoroughly understand those requirements, and express a determination, or at least a willingness, to endeavor to live up to the same, before receiving the priesthood. I think the ward teachers could perform an important labor here; but it must receive specific attention, and the instruction should have the direct object in view of preparing the young man to receive the priesthood. b. There should be appointed times for the conferring of the priesthood, and it should rarely be at odd intervals. c. There should be one, best adapted and qualified—and having at least one weeks' notice to prepare—explain, in a fifteen-minute talk, the sacredness of this ordinance, also the responsibilities they are assuming; and they should express their acceptance by, perhaps, a rising vote. Let there be not so much of a decrying of the evils, as there is of a pointing out of the higher and the better, under the happy influence of the Holy Ghost. The evils are not tolerated, because there is no time or room for them. Let the boys be occupied in doing good things, and learn the joy that is found therein.

I very well realize that this last statement covers a big field. I think, however, that it is practicable and important and could be accomplished. I think every ward should have its library, gymnasium and athletic clubs. But, says one, this is foreign to the subject. I think not entirely so. In my judgment, if you expect to control the boys in their attitude towards the priesthood, and not provide for those lines of recreation, growth and advancement, you are mistaken. Brethren, lead out, or encourage this recreation spirit in the Y. M. M. I. A. of your ward, and let the boys follow your lead, and not another less acceptable.

2. Attendance at weekly priesthood meetings: a. That the records be kept as already indicated. b. In case a brother is absent twice consecutively, and no reason offered for such absence, that said brother shall receive a mailed letter, which has been carefully prepared by one appointed, read and approved by the bishopric and, perhaps, the committee of the high council. If there is no response, send a second letter. If there is still no response, let the presidency of the quorum visit and labor with him. If they cannot succeed, let the class leader visit and labor with this brother. If all these—followed up diligently and in love—fail, let his case be referred to the bishopric and high council for further action.

Let all these proceedings be a part of the quorum record, with date

and all particulars appended. Not long hence, there will be a day of promotion, and in all cases of promotion let the quorum secretary provide all the brethren with a card on which shall be carefully recorded the brother's attendance, preparation and performance of practical duties. This he may present to the one in charge, at the time of said promotion. While this record should not be absolute in the matter of a brother's promotion, still it should be important, serving as no small incentive to a better performance of duty.

3. General classification. Specific duties: a. The teacher is to watch over the Church always—a standing minister. b. To see that there is no iniquity in the Church, no backbiting, evil speaking, etc.,—sins that poison the stream of brotherly love, undermine fraternal confidence, blacken innocent character and canker the souls of those who are guilty of such meddlesomeness. c. To see that the members of the Church meet together often.

How may all this be accomplished? Perhaps the teacher may be assigned work in company with the ward teachers. Let them in turn perform those labors. I would suggest that there be a place in the order of business for the quorum class work for the brethren to report on this work, and let same be placed to their credit on the quorum records.

Now, a word to the quorum officers: Dear brethren, never be absent from your quorum meetings. Always be on time. Always be prepared. Have a fixed determination to perform your full duty. Very much depends on you in this work. Be faithful. Love the brethren. Commit to memory the order of business for your quorum class work. See that no time is wasted in conducting your work. Attach proper dignity to the work. See to it that you have good class leaders.

Now, to the class leaders: See to it, brethren, that you teach. Don't do all the talking—but teach. Be exemplary. Give your heart to this work.

A very beautiful instance of humility is related of Professor Blackie, an eminent Scotch professor. Blackie was lecturing to a new class, with the members of which he was imperfectly acquainted. A student arose with his book in his left hand. "Sir," thundered Blackie, "hold your book in your right hand!" As the student was about to reply, he continued, "No words, your right hand, I say!" The student held up his right arm, ending piteously at the wrist. "I have no right hand," he said.

Before Blackie could open his lips, there arose such a storm of hisses that his voice was overcome.

Then the professor left his place, went down to the student he had

unwittingly hurt, and, putting his arms around the boy's shoulders, drew him close to him. "My boy," he said, and he spoke very softly, but every word was audible in the house, "my boy, you will forgive me that I was over rough. I did not know! I did not know!" He turned to his students, and with a look and tone inspired with his great heart, he said, "And let me say to you all, I am rejoiced to be shown that I am teaching a class of gentlemen."

Another story, and I am through. In an English book called *Five Years of Penal Servitude*, the writer, who had himself been a convict, tells of an incident he saw at Dartmoor prison. By good behavior, he had caused himself to be transferred from his solitary cell to a large hall, where were sixty-seven other convicts whose obedience to prison regulations had also gained for them the privilege of associating in a common room. On his first night in the hall he was agreeably surprised to see a display of moral courage on the part of some convicts which commanded the respect of their companions.

Just before bedtime a bell sounded, and the men stood up in two rows facing each other. The warden called out, "Those who wish to say their prayers, step to the rear. Silence and order for prayers."

"Who will have the courage," thought the convict who relates the incident, "to face the sneers and jokes, and kneel before this crowd of criminals?" To his surprise, sixteen convicts stepped to the rear, and for five minutes engaged in silent prayer. Not a word—not even a look from the unkneeling ones—sneered at the bowed men. Every night and morning, during his stay at the hall, there were some convicts who, when the order was given, "Silence for prayers," bowed in humble submission before the Lord. Never did the most hardened prisoners utter a disparaging word. Some of them had been in prison again and again and, seemingly, loved crime for its own sake. Others were as brutal and as ignorant as savages. Scarcely one of them would have endured a five minutes' conversation from a minister of the gospel without ridiculing him. Yet they knew a brave deed when they saw one, and, bad as they were, could not help respecting the men who had courage to kneel in their presence.

I think the lesson here taught is apparent. Brethren, always be true to your profession as Latter-day Saints.

Passing Events.

Some World's Fair buildings at Brussels, including the Belgian and English, were destroyed by fire, August 14. Two or three people were killed and many injured; and property said to be worth one hundred million dollars was destroyed, mostly art treasures.

President Joseph F. Smith and Presiding Bishop Charles W. Nibley and party returned on September 3, from a tour of Europe. They left Salt Lake City, July 4, visiting Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Germany, Scandinavia, France and England, and held meetings in all the missions. It was a trip of travel and meetings, and President Smith was greeted with gladness by thousands of Saints and missionaries.

The Revolution in Nicaragua, which began in October, 1909, has ended in the complete success of the insurgents. On the night of August 21, President Madriz, accompanied by his chief advisers, left Managua, the capital, which was then occupied by the insurrectionary forces, for Corinto, and sailed from that port to Amapala, Honduras. Before leaving, Madriz turned over the presidency to a brother of General Estrada, who took possession of the capital, August 22.

Forest fires, in northern Idaho and western Montana, during the month of August, caused enormous destruction of timber and a considerable loss of life. About one hundred miles square was swept by fire in a district sparsely settled. At Wallace, Idaho, a great part of the town was destroyed, and a number of people were burned to death. Several smaller villages were also burned, and the dead are said to number altogether one hundred and eighty, mostly men in the forest service. Timber fires in Oregon have also destroyed thousands of acres of timber.

President Pedro Montt, of Chile, died suddenly at Bremen, August 16. He had just arrived from a visit to the United States, and was a passenger on the *Kaiser Wilhem der Grosse*, having witnessed the attempted assassination of Mayor Gaynor of New York. He became president of Chile in 1906, having rendered distinguished service in both

houses of the Chilian congress and in the cabinet. At one time he was minister plenipotentiary at Washington. Progressive and enlightened, he was a statesman whose influence was always exerted on the side of peace.

The prohibition question in Texas has been temporarily settled at an election which was held on July 24, in which a majority of about forty thousand voters favored the proposition to submit a prohibition constitutional amendment to the vote of the people. It appears also that both branches of the present legislature by more than a two-thirds vote are in favor of similar submission. This is undoubtedly a most excellent way of settling the question. If the majority of the people of the state are in favor of prohibition, it should be enforced in that state, and there is no fairer way to test it than by a vote on an amendment of the constitution.

Cholera, during the latter part of July and the early part of August, was epidemic in Russia, and continued to spread, many lives being sacrificed. The number of new cases, up to August 13, was officially reported as 112,085, with a death rate of 50,287. The epidemic spread very rapidly, especially in the southern part of Russia. In southern Italy, on the Adriatic, several cities were infected. The disease being of a peculiarly virulent type, it is said that more than half the cases were fatal, some of them within a few hours. The origin of the contagion in southern Italy is ascribed to a party of Russians from Odessa, who recently visited the province.

Florence Nightingale, the noted nurse, who was the daughter of William Shore Nightingale and Embly Park, and who was born at Florence in 1820, died in London, August 14, 1910, age ninety years. During the Crimean war she rendered invaluable service to the sick and wounded by her incessant labor in nursing and hospital reforms. Notwithstanding the injury to her health in this war, she continued to give her assistance in hospital reforms, and was consulted during the American Civil war and the Franco-German war. She was the author of several important books on hospitals, nursing, sanitation of the army in India, and life and death in India, her last book appearing in 1873.

Progress in aviation for the month of August last was particularly marked. On the 12th, J. A. Drexel, the American aviator, while flying near Lanark, Scotland, attained a height of 6,750 feet, breaking the world's record. On the following day, James Radley, the English aviator, broke the world's speed record by flying a mile in 42 2-5

seconds, at Blackpool, England. On the 15th, Graham White, an English aviator, broke the world's record for quick starting in an aeroplane, by rising from the ground in a space of twenty feet, nine inches; while on the 17th, a Chicago aviator, J. B. Moissant, flew across the English channel, with his mechanic as a passenger, in a trip from Paris to London. La Blanch, the French aviator, on the same day won \$20,000 given by *Le Matin* for the fastest flight over a 489-mile course in northern France, beginning August 7, without regard to weather conditions. His time for the course was eleven hours, fifty-six minutes. On the 14th of August, Charles F. Willard carried three passengers, in a flight at Garden City, Long Island; and later in the month there was talk of experimenting with wireless telegraphy from the aeroplane to the stations on the coast, with a view to obtaining an appropriation from Congress for the use of this system of communication in the army and navy.

Korea has been annexed by Japan. The event was formally accomplished by a treaty between the Emperor of Korea and the Emperor of Japan, signed August 22, 1910. This formal annexation has been foreshadowed very clearly for some length of time. In fact ever since the beginning of the war between Japan and Russia, Korea has been under the tutelage of the Japanese empire. The Korean government has given way to the desires of Japan, first in the improvement of its administration methods; later, its financial and foreign relations were placed in the hands of Japan; and then followed the surrender to Japan of the higher administration of the country; while last year the Koreans turned over to the Japanese authorities the charge of the police and the prisons. It was no wonder that these successive surrenders of independence occasioned great unrest among the patriotic Koreans. The result was that several ineffective risings and assassinations took place in Korea, among which the assassination of Prince Ito, and Yi-yunk-ik, the Korean premier occurred. This complete surrender of Korea now gives Japan a foothold on the main land which it has long coveted, and adds to that empire a territory almost as large as England and Scotland, an area of about eighty thousand square miles, with a population vaguely estimated at about ten million. Korea was formerly a province of China. The Korean king declared himself independent of China on June 30, 1894, and appealed at that time to Japan for protection, which was the cause of the war between Japan and China, in July, 1894.

A GOOD BOOK IS LIKE A GOOD NAME—BETTER THAN RICHES

IMPROVEMENT ERA

ORGAN OF THE
PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS AND OF THE YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL
IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS OF THE CHURCH OF
JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

VOLUME THIRTEEN

Published by the General Board Y. M. M. I. A.

What you young people want, is a magazine that will make a book to be bound and kept, with something in it worth keeping."—*Prest. John Taylor*

Edited by Joseph F. Smith and Edward H. Anderson
Heber J. Grant, Manager, Moroni Snow, Assistant Manager
Salt Lake City, 1910

“The Glory of God is Intelligence.”

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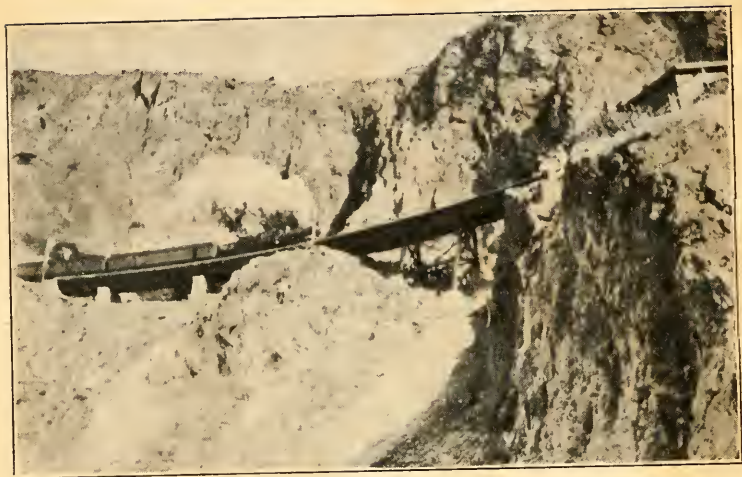
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